

RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE

Special Expanded Literary Section

Galbraith on I.G. Farben • Jefferson UnLocked • O'Hara's Self-Love Letters

NEWSPAPER NEW

NR RIT 3 1099 SEP 78 1 01
RITTER LIB PERIODICALS
BALDWIN WALLACE COLL
BEREA OHIO 44017

THE NEW REPUBLIC

August 26 & September 2, 1978

Price One Dollar

William Buckley's Dream Pope • TRB on President Blubber Lips



Henry Fairlie Reflects on Women

LICENSED TO USE ONLY
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HEAVEN CAN WAIT



WARREN BEATTY JULIE CHRISTIE JAMES MASON

CHARLES GRODIN DYAN CANNON BUCK HENRY VINCENT AND JACK GARDENIA WARDEN

SCREENPLAY BY ELAINE MAY AND WARREN BEATTY PRODUCED BY WARREN BEATTY
DIRECTED BY WARREN BEATTY AND BUCK HENRY Read the Ballantine Paperback A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED
SOME MATERIAL MAY NOT BE SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN

© 1978 PARAMOUNT PICTURES CORPORATION. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.



NOW PLAYING AT A THEATRE NEAR YOU

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB

from Washington
August 26 & September 2, 1978

Blubber Lips

This hideous little pygmy with the blubber lips is Jimmy Carter; you see him in newspaper cartoons all over the country. Generally he is in some laughably ignominious position, like hanging on to a runaway balloon marked "Congress" or falling off a precipice marked "Middle East." You can tell him by his buck teeth. Does he look like Jimmy? No, not at all, but this is the shorthand stereotype condescending cartoonists have concocted, accepted as such by the bored public, which is looking on in wonder and concern at the Washington circus.

The image of Carter may change a bit in coming months. I thought of that last week as shirt-sleeved Bob Bergland, secretary of Agriculture, with Norwegian blue eyes and wind-weathered face, talked to a group of us at breakfast. Would Carter fight Congress? somebody asked. "Yes, I think he will," said Bergland, who is as indiscreet as Barry Bosworth. "I think it must be done. Absolutely yes; there is no question of it."

The House of Representatives, whose membership is two-to-one Democrat, has just passed an old-fashioned Republican tax bill. In other words, the goodies are for the middle- and upper-income brackets with the poor getting a few remainders. The poor haven't done so well in this Democratic Congress. Worrying about people in poverty—there are 24,720,000 of them by latest Census estimate and the unemployment rate is 6.2 percent—is out of style. The other day the House voted, 221-181, to cut 100,000 of the 750,000 public service jobs provided by CETA (the Comprehensive Employment and Training Act), and the Senate voted, 51-42, to cut 9.5 million workers in small shops from

the federal protection of the Occupational Safety & Health Act (OSHA). What funny names, CETA and OSHA! The angry teenager got training, the worried father got a job, the stooped woman in the back-room shop got ventilation—but protection like that is New Dealish and evidently has been carried too far.

Bob Bergland doesn't mind Democratic congressmen who genuinely disagree with Carter reforms—taxes, welfare, what-not. He says what he can't abide are the Democrats who not only vote against Carter but then publicly chastise him afterwards. His phrase for them is not apt to make him very popular with the subject of his attacks; on the Hill, he said, they are called cheap-shots and bed-wetters.

Animosity seems to be growing. On one side there is the cartoonist image of the little impotent gnome (President Carter, I mean), and on the other there are increasingly sharp words, sometimes on the floor of Congress itself. In an evening session recently when the Democratic leadership tried to push the CETA bill through in a hurry with its cutoff of jobs, some Democrats objected. (Always some people lag behind the trend; they do not realize that Proposition 13 has changed the political climate.) Ron Dellums, a black Democrat from California, jumped up protesting against rushing through action against the poor after 9 pm. "We're laughing, joking, playing games," he cried. "Some members are sleepy, some are slightly intoxicated." What a charge—drunk while saving the taxpayers money! He expunged it, of course; and the reader of the *Congressional Record* of August 9 will have no way of knowing what Representative Ronald Sarasin, Republican of Connecticut, who answered Dellums, was so indignant about. Sarasin's remarks stayed in.

This is the era of the New Right, when Ronald Reagan rides again, Mobil advertisements guide our ideological thinking, and Senate and House consider tax education credits for private schools—\$750 for a three-child family with \$50,000 income; nothing for a three-child family using public schools.

What is President Carter doing about all this, that hideous little blubber-lipped monster of the cartoonists? As Bob Bergland said reflectively, when reporters asked him if he thought Carter was tough enough, "Well, he has a soft voice, that's true. He doesn't boom like FDR, nor shout like Lyndon Johnson. But he's a tough manager of money. I

think he's plenty tough."

I think we must wait and see. The conditions are building up; it's as exciting as a prospective shoot-out at the Last Chance Saloon. Of course the Democratic congressional leadership wants it kept peaceful: "I don't think the president can run against Congress," Senate Democratic leader Robert Byrd



Drawing by Mike Peters

told "Meet the Press," "and I think the people expect a Democratic president and a Democratic Congress to work together." Of course they do. But suppose the president recommends closing tax loopholes, and the Congress opens up a barn door of them? Is there a Democratic Party?

Carter was asked at a session with the American Society of Magazine Editors at the White House recently if it weren't "almost inevitable, or perhaps even mandatory, that an effective president have strong clashes with Congress and its dominant personalities?" His reply was positive.

"I would think so," he said. Then he checked himself. Yes, "on occasion there will be differences of opinion," he said. But he would not "criticize any member of Congress who was instrumental in passing the public works bill which has excessive spending, excessive numbers of federal employees required, and which authorizes projects that I think are unnecessary."

A veto would seem almost inevitable. And why, indeed, should he not criticize, if he feels so strongly? He was more positive at a session with farmers last week in Columbia, Missouri. He appealed for Civil Service reform: "The Congress hears from the special interest lobbies; they need to hear from you!"

He turned repeatedly to Congress: "Congress must help to control inflation with every vote and with every decision," he said. He noted that his hospital

(continued on page 47)



A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 179, Nos. 9 & 10, Issues 3320 & 3321, August 26 & September 2, 1978. Published weekly (except the issues of July 15, August 12, September 2, December 30) and distributed by The New Republic, Inc., 1220 19th Street, N.W. Washington, DC 20036. Phone (202) 331-7494. Single copy, \$1.00; Yearly subscriptions, \$24; foreign, \$27; students \$17.

Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Service Department, The New Republic, P.O. Box 58, Whitinsville, MA 01588. Copyright 1978 by The New Republic, Inc. Item g. Second class postage paid under publication number 382020 at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide.

Cover: Toilet of Venus (The Rokeby Venus) c. 1650 by Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velázquez. Reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees, The National Gallery, London. Article on page 17.

"A remarkably absorbing book."*

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS TODAY by **Henry Fairlie**

"His main premise is both grim and hopeful: we must confront our human proclivity to evil if we wish to break its stranglehold on our hearts and to actualize our true potential for love... A thoughtful and brave analysis, argued with subtlety and insight."
—Library Journal

"It is in the process of making moral choices, says Fairlie, that the individual becomes unique and truly free; therefore, 'the understanding that we sin is a summons to life.'"
—The Atlantic Monthly *

Illustrations by Vint Lawrence
\$10.00 ISBN 0-915220-41-5

NEW REPUBLIC BOOKS
Distributed by Simon and Schuster

Contents

TRB from Washington	3	Blubber Lips
Comment	5	The Essentials for Peace
	7	Correspondence
Morton Kondracke	10	Smith Takes a Bishop
John Osborne	11	White House Watch: Rosalynn At Work
Eliot Marshall	13	Forced Drugging
William F. Buckley Jr.	15	The Pope I Want
Henry Fairlie	17	The Real Life of Women
		Arts and Lives
Stanley Kauffmann	22	Theater: That Lying Truth
Michael Ullman	24	Jazz: Newport Week in New York—II
	28	Late Summer—Early Fall Book Listings
		Books Considered
Judith N. Shklar	32	Inventing America by Garry Wills
John Keegan	34	The Wizard War by R.V. Jones
John Kenneth Galbraith	35	The Crime and Punishment of I.G. Farben by Joseph Borkin
David Stern	36	Reflections by Walter Benjamin
Theodore Rosengarten	38	"Dear Master" edited by Randall M. Miller
Nicholas Lemann	40	Selected Letters of John O'Hara edited by Matthew J. Bruccoli
Megan Marshall	42	The Tell-Tale Heart by Julian Symons
Martin Kaplan	44	Innocent Eréndira and Other Stories by Gabriel García Márquez
Brief Reviews	46	The Left-Handed Woman by Peter Handke
Washington Diarist	50	In the Senate by Norris Cotton
		Self-Improvement

The Staff

Editor—Martin Peretz
Publisher—Robert J. Myers
Managing Editor—Michael Kinsley
Executive Editor—Morton M. Kondracke
Senior Editors—John Osborne,
Eliot Marshall
Politics Editor—Ken Bode
Assistant to the Editors—Gwen Somers
Films and Theater—Stanley Kauffmann
Guest Poetry Editor—Robert Fitzgerald
Contributing Editors—Robert Brustein,
Robert Coles, Henry Fairlie, Joseph
Featherstone, Gerald W. Johnson,
Nathan Lewin, Roger Morris, Joyce
Carol Oates, John Seelye, Tad Szulc,
Melville J. Ulmer, Michael Walzer
Art Director—Grace B. Paine
Copy Editor—Constance Bond
Literary Assistant—Ann Hulbert
Staff Photographer—Jeff Vinson
Editorial Staff—
David Blum, Neil Pickett, Ben Singer

Production Assistant—Barbara Ledeem
Circulation Manager—
Elizabeth Scanlan O'Brien
Business Manager—
Rhonda Davis Schoem
Assistant Business Manager—
Donna J. Melson
Feature Syndicate Director—
Leslie B. Seagrave
Director of Advertising—
Doris Rubien, 250 West 57th St,
Room 2517, New York, NY 10019
(212) 581-6477
Advertising Coordinator—
Barbara Truitt
Advertising Assistant—
Douglas Sweetbaum
Receptionist—Ruby McGowan
Leadership Network Advertising—
Robert F. Sennott Jr., New York
(212) 682-4500

August 26 & September 2, 1978



The Essentials for Peace

Official Washington and the foreign policy elites have fearlessly faced the perils they want to impose on Israel. They have shown equal courage in defying the demonstrated will of the American people. Since the early months of President Carter's tenure, in fact, the administration's Middle East policy has seemed geared to accommodating the lowest common denominator of Arab demands. After President Sadat journeyed to Jerusalem—does anyone recall that he went at Prime Minister Begin's invitation?—there appeared to be no limits to what the US would try to secure for him. Israel's offer to relinquish sovereignty over the part of Sinai it still controlled was apparently not enough even for starters.

Everything was going swimmingly for Sadat last winter. Some notables put him up for the Nobel Peace Prize. Andy Young said he was the most popular man in America. American Jewish leaders vied to meet him. What most folks didn't notice—or didn't care to acknowledge—was that despite Sadat's blah-blah-blah about wanting peace above all else, he took Egypt out of the peace talks in January and has not allowed the talks to resume since. Sadat said he was waiting for Israel to agree, among other principles, to total withdrawal to the 1949 cease-fire lines—which is what is meant by the term "1967 boundaries"—before he would venture to talk again. But that, as more than one Israeli remarked, would not leave much to talk about. So there have been some intermittent procedural contacts, but not much more than that.

The world might have caught on to the absurdity of Sadat's position if it had not been for Begin's own blah-blah-blah, alternately lachrymose and petulant, about the designs of Providence for what everybody else calls the West Bank and he calls Judea and Samaria. (One White House handout, typically accommodating but

inept, referred to the latter jurisdiction as "Somalia," a region about which even Begin has not received the Lord's views.) It will surprise no one to know that God and Begin are in full accord about the disposition of the captured territories, or so Begin asserted.

Begin may be at one with his God, but (like our own leaders) he is not exactly at one with his people on these matters. In the Israeli parliament, the Labor party opposition has emerged from an extended torpor and has begun enunciating its own peace proposals based on territorial compromise. Begin, to be sure, is also being challenged by long-faithful comrades from the Zionist right for being too soft, and their emotional sway over him cannot be discounted. But it is more significant that other elements of Begin's majority coalition—archaeologist Yigal Yadin's Democratic Movement for Change, the old bourgeois Liberals and even many in the two religious parties—are no longer willing to allow revelation to substitute for diplomacy. Moshe Dayan and Ezer Weizman finally have been joined by outspoken allies, and Begin's hand has been forced.

Commenting on these political developments within Israel, *The Economist* of London observed: "The real policy reversal has been the one executed by Mr. Begin. He has at last come around to the notion of territorial compromise. This enabled Israel to say at Leeds Castle that it would be prepared either to discuss territorial compromise—meaning a partition of the West Bank—if this was suggested by Egypt, or to discuss the sovereignty of the whole occupied area after five years, if Egypt accepted Israel's interim plan. Mr. Begin has thus abandoned the principle he has always clung to, which precludes turning over any part of the historical Land of Israel to the Arabs. His change of heart dumbfounded both his own ministers and the opposition Labour party."

It apparently dumbfounded the editors of *Time* too, who in their weekly narratives of Israeli villainy continued to pretend that the reversal hadn't happened. Assuredly also, it dumbfounded Sadat—or, more probably, panicked him: if he talked at all, he'd now have to talk turkey. Instead, he promptly canceled a scheduled meeting in the Sinai between Dayan and Egyptian Foreign Minister Ibrahim Kamel. He also expelled Israel's military delegation, which had been doing nothing more than playing soccer in the desert for months but had remained in Egypt as a symbol, however precarious, of the hopes for a renewed peace process. Just as Begin was softening Israel's posture—apparently in response, as a matter of fact—Sadat was hardening Egypt's. *Newsweek* reported that "Sadat's decision drew an unusual public rebuke from the State Department, which announced that the US was 'very disappointed' with him." A vicious rebuke indeed!

Nine days after Sadat scuttled any further discussions, Secretary of State Vance brought him a five-page handwritten letter from President Carter (contents undisclosed). Immediately upon reading it, Sadat changed his mind and told Vance that he would come to Camp David for another round. This time he will meet not only with Begin but with Jimmy Carter as well. Being a dictator, Sadat need consult no one before acting on such impulses; and a stable man he is not.

A few days ago our president confided that he'd be willing to risk his career for a Middle East peace. These days that doesn't seem like a high-stakes gamble. What is especially vexing, however, is that Carter's declaration seems to signal another American siege of Israel. What else, after all, would endanger his career in American politics? Secretary Vance already has warned that America is prepared to act as a "full partner" in the coming talks. What does that mean? And if there are "obstacles to progress," Vance went on, "we shall be free to make our own suggestions." Is the Carter administration moving toward an imposed peace plan?

Some of the informed talkers in Washington insist that the administration has learned from its past errors. Apparently Vice President Mondale came back from Israel persuaded, and may have persuaded others, that Dr. Brzezinski's relentless bullying and Carter's caving had simply backfired by strengthening Begin's hold over Israeli public opinion. That certainly is true. The administration's attempt to anoint a successor to Begin, and Sadat's similar effort, also solidified support for the prime minister, even from people critical of his views and demeanor. Only after the US had let up a bit on Israel, and on Begin himself, did the fissures begin to appear in his cabinet. Israel's concessions on territory are more an accommodation by the government to the traditional Israeli national consensus on the question than they are a buckling under to American pressure.

The positions Begin seems to be groping toward, however grudgingly, are more or less the positions held



Anwar Sadat by Mendel Moynihan

by the Labor governments of Levi Eshkol, Golda Meir and Itzhak Rabin from 1967 until last year. Indeed, when Dayan raised the subject of territorial compromise with Egyptian Foreign Minister Kamel at Leeds, he referred explicitly to a proposal formulated by his long-time adversary and the last Labor Foreign Minister Yigal Allon. Kamel, by the way, said "no." It also should not be forgotten here, and it is well recognized in Israel, that Begin came to power, among other reasons, because Carter seemed to be undermining Rabin and his quite conciliatory policies. To that extent, Carter's problems with Begin are of his own making.

Begin may still harbor some illusions about his five-year self-rule scheme for the Palestinians. Aspects of this scheme could yet appear in some peace plan, especially if the Arabs conclude that an internal self-rule scheme like Begin's indirectly offers more opportunities than even quite dovish Israelis would care to make available. But any kind of secure agreement between Israel and its neighbors must be based on territorial compromise. The Allon Plan is one such proposal, restoring to Arab sovereignty most of the West Bank and just about all of its population. But total withdrawal is no compromise. Wars, after all, are not fought and won, fought and lost, without conse-

(continued on page 8)

Correspondence

Shaping the booboisie

To the editors:

Paul Robinson's conclusion ("TV Can't Educate," *TNR*, Aug. 5 & 12) that television can please but not instruct also explains the failure of music to teach us anything of value. I've long thought reading about Beethoven was more instructive than listening to his music. Let's face it: the Eroica Symphony doesn't tell us half as much about Napoleon as any second-rate historian. Some might argue that programmatic music errs not in ignoring verbal argument but in imitating it. But I say the true function of music is to entertain—so down with Bach, and up with Debbie Boone! The truly learned can turn off their hearing aids.

Benjamin Dunlap
Columbia, South Carolina

To the editors:

Is it possible to extend Paul Robinson's hypothesis that time is the critical factor in learning, so that if one reads his article as quickly as possible, one may not be endangered with learning anything? ("TV Can't Educate," *TNR*, Aug. 5 & 12.) If one can get the time necessary for reading the article down to the time of a TV "News Brief," then maybe (hopefully) it will appear there really wasn't an article at all.

The thought did briefly cross my mind that Robinson could be suffering from professional envy when he denigrates any attempt at education that stems from outside the cloistered and certified halls of academe. (Certainly "60 Minutes" can't educate; there probably isn't a single PhD on the whole staff of the show!)

However, Robinson's solution of turning TV over completely to simple-minded divertissements like "All My Children" and letting the great unwashed hordes mill about in blissful ignorance of the principles of the DNA molecule, unless they are willing to read Watson's and Crick's original article, evidences an intellectual elitism that is truly pathetic.

Just because Robinson wants soaps and sit coms is no reason for him to try to convince us these are all TV can really deliver. I may be foolish to believe I actually learned something from TV, but I am not foolish enough to accept such an argument.

Susan Moss
Columbus, Ohio

To the editors:

Seldom have I read such a confusing article as the one titled "TV Can't Educate" (*TNR*, Aug. 5 & 12). Muddled, our English friends would call it. Mr. Robinson confuses forms, methods and purpose. He begins by accusing us of "being up to our old tricks" by mentioning one very short sequence in our documentary on Marin County and drawing some vast unjustified conclusions from it.

He then launches into a convoluted discussion about educating and reading, and hopelessly mixes his argument by jumping back and forth between entertainment programs and news programs. His article is built on the fallacy that news documentaries are made to educate the viewer. Not so. They are made by responsible, educated people to inform the viewer. There is a difference. I invite the history teacher to consult the latest Webster's Collegiate.

When I reached the point in his article where he acclaims "All My Children," an ABC soap opera, as "very good entertainment," with no qualification, I was ready to write off what he had to say as nonsense. But not until I'd written this letter.

Dan O'Connor
Director, Special Programs
NBC News

To the editors:

Paul Robinson's view of learning in "TV Can't Educate" (*TNR*, Aug. 5 & 12) is a profoundly limited one. Unfortunately, it is widely held in the academic com-

munity, particularly among social scientists.

No form of visual communication can adequately relate the sort of sociological data that Robinson equates with learning. But when done well, visual communication—especially in documentaries—can make people think. Peter Davis's *Hearts and Minds* is only one example of this. We do not learn about the war in Vietnam from the film, at least not in the sense that Robinson means when he talks about learning, but the film does make us think.

Is there any higher form of learning than that?

David Gutting
St. Louis, Missouri

Forget the dumb clucks

To the editors:

Senator McCarthy's article ("Cabinet Crisis," *TNR*, July 8 & 15) points up the need for splitting HEW into separate departments. "Health, Education, and Welfare," encompassing almost every aspect of American life, is too diverse to have any direction or continuity. With a department as broad as HEW, certain programs, particularly those concerning education, are not given the priority they deserve.

Education in the Jacksonian tradition is in trouble in this country: the schools are crying for help, but people seem to be paying more attention to the immediate problems than to the long-range solutions. It is we, the future leaders and citizens of this country, who will be responsible for those solutions, but our minds must be trained to deal with the situations and crises which will present themselves.

We have a world to mold, and Secretary Califano wants to inspect chickens.

Patrick F. Cromie
Grade 12
Coventry High School
Coventry, Connecticut

Pyrrhic victory

To the editors:

The editorial "Russia Chooses Confrontation" (*TNR*, July 29) argues that only a
(continued on page 47)

quences. This truism may not appeal to the sentimental among us, but it is true nonetheless. No doubt there are many particulars, and some general principles too, on which our government will need to insist that Israel be more forthcoming and flexible. But all of that will be pointless unless the administration also will prevail, first on Egypt, then on Jordan and Saudi Arabia, to understand that the Arab's cease-fire maps of 1949 are really not much more germane than Begin's maps of the Jewish kingdoms before the birth of Christ.

One hears again in Washington assertions that the administration now realizes that the 1949/1967 frontiers, even with "minor rectifications," cannot be a goal of serious diplomacy. But such assurances are spoken by selected spokesmen to selected audiences. Sadat appears to be receiving different signals from different spokesmen. He may well believe, as *The Washington Post* speculated, that "he can have it all, free of risk or sacrifice, a rapprochement with the hard-line rejectionists in the Arab world, a nice, warm fruitful relationship with the United States, more and bigger Israel concessions under American pressure . . . the works." He can't, of course. But Carter may have a hard time at Camp David convincing Sadat of this reality, having habituated him over many months to getting his own way, at least from the US. It'll be even more difficult to convince the Saudis, Sadat's paymaster.

A recent example of why it will be hard to convince the Arabs they cannot have their way is the sale of F-15 advanced jet fighters to the Riyadh monarchy. In arguing for the deal, the administration (and its Senate point-man Abe Ribicoff) insisted that the transaction was both a reward for past Saudi moderation and an incentive to future moderation. They claimed in particular that the planes were necessary to insure Saudi support for Sadat's peace initiative. Of course, this was hogwash. The Saudis have half-heartedly endorsed the September 5 summit, but they were never really eager for the Egyptian-Israeli talks, and for a long time now they have been trying to undercut the negotiations. Vance denied this before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee last week, but nobody savvy believes him. Lots of his own underlings, the very knowledgeable Ambassador Atherton included, and Zbig's underlings too, have been confirming the story. The Arabs in town, and in European capitals, have been saying as much themselves. Some senators who voted

to permit the arms traffic to go forward now feel done in by the administration and the Saudis alike. Thirteen of them, including Muriel Humphrey, Edmund Muskie and Thomas Eagleton, wrote Cyrus Vance of their resentments at Egyptian and Saudi behavior in the aftermath of the plane sale.

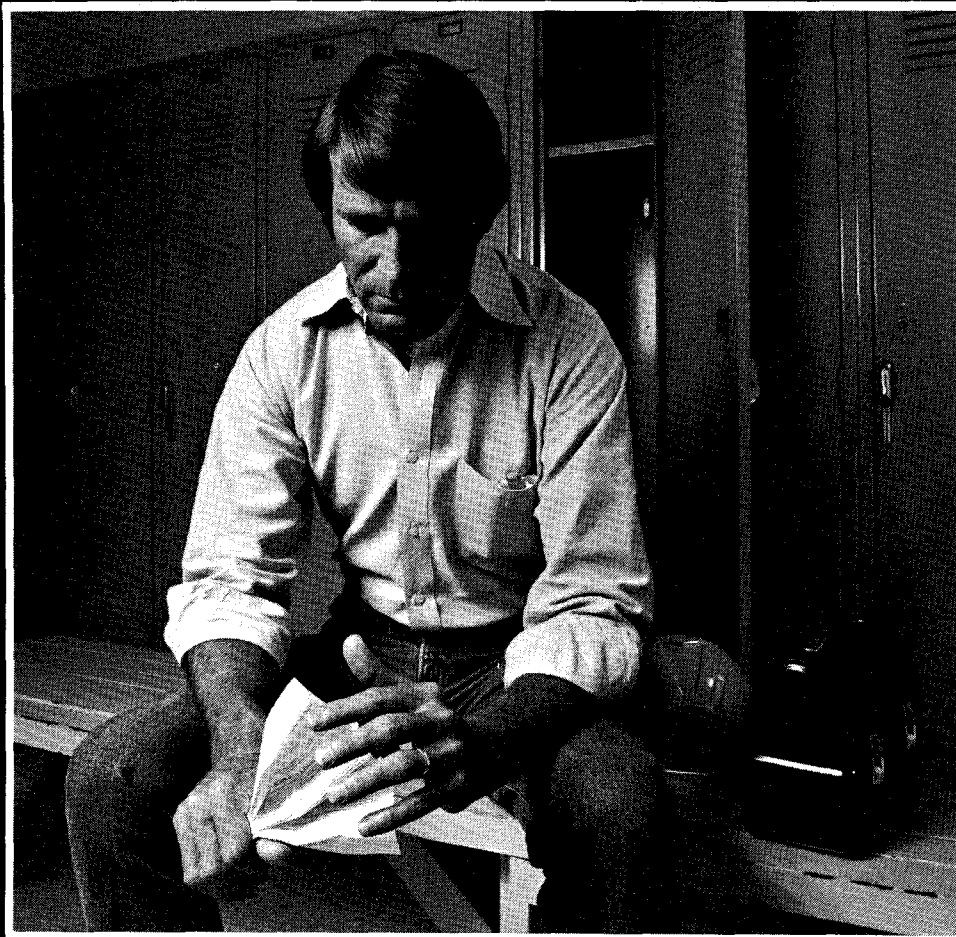
Did Jimmy Carter really believe that making Saudi Arabia a military superpower would induce it to be an influence for accommodating Israel's long-resented presence in the Middle East? Well, maybe he did, though the Saudi role as the guardian of Islam's phobias should have made him more skeptical of the proposition. Unfortunately for Carter, the result of his lobbying through the plane sale is that his credibility with Israel and with the Senate has simply plummeted further. His optimistic assumptions about benign Arab intentions and his sanguine surmises about the future of Arab politics cannot be taken too seriously. Certainly they will not be taken by the Israelis as correct diagnoses on which to base prescriptions for their safety.

Sadat is the Arab leader most prone to the idea of peace. But in urging Israel to find ways of placating Sadat and bolstering him against his enemies, the administration is admitting just how weak and fragile his leadership is. In effect, Israel is being told to make peace at just about any price with one man rather than with a whole society. Indeed Sadat seems to be standing alone in the Arab world, and nearly alone among the Egyptian elite, in exploring the road to a settlement. He deserves full honor for that. It is not, however, a propitious arrangement for progress. Every concession that Israel makes to Sadat is also made to everybody else in the Arab world. But they must be made without assurances that the other Arabs will honor the obligations to Israel that Sadat undertakes in exchange for those concessions.

Comity has not been the natural state of the post-colonial world. It becomes less natural every day. One only has to look at the newspapers to see the depressing and dramatic evidence. Comity is least often found in the Arab world. There is not even enough mutual trust among the Palestinian extremists for them to hoard their energies of hate for use against the Israelis. There may be one great Arab nation, as we often are told, but it is a fratricidal nation. Violence within it is now so routine, so casual and yet so intense that any settlement between Israel and the present governments of its neighbors is bound to be an incitement to other Arabs. There always will be some terrorist group, some armed force, some clique of colonels or some zealots of Islam to threaten what others may have agreed to. This cannot be an excuse for Israel to abandon negotiations with those who are willing to negotiate. But the danger to Israel posed by the fratricidal pressures within the Arab world cannot be ignored in conducting those negotiations.

Coming:
Irving Howe on the
psychopathology of
neoconservatism.

In order to form a more perfect union, you're fired.



The pink slip. There isn't much of the red, white and blue in it when compulsory unionism is behind it. Yet, more and more Americans are losing their jobs every day. Because they've lost their freedom of choice. They either join the union, or they join the unemployed.

We're the National Right to Work Committee. And we're working to protect our inalienable rights—the rights established 200

years ago to form a more perfect Union.

Believe it or not, we're criticized for our efforts. We're called reactionary. Right wing. Anti-labor. The fact is, we're *for* laborers. For every worker's right to make up his or her mind about supporting a union.

If the thought of losing your job for exercising your rights gets you fired up, write us for more information. For a truly more perfect Union, it's well worth taking a stand.



National Right to Work Committee

8316 Arlington Blvd., Fairfax, Va. 22038 (703) 573-8550

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There seems to be a widespread impression in America that if someone more reasonable like Ezer Weizman or Shimon Peres were to become prime minister of Israel, the present impediments to a settlement would dissolve. That is simply not the case. The views of these men about what is possible in the search for peace are more complex and open than Begin's reflexive and ideological negativism. But they are leaders of a country that can afford no Pearl Harbors, of a people which is a remnant survivor of the most wicked designs of history. Inevitably they, and Begin too, recognize that Israel always will live with dangers: the ancient fate of Jewry and in our time perhaps the fate of all peoples. But Israel's leaders are under no obligation—not ethical, not political—to maximize those dangers. That is why a territorial compromise is essential to any agreement.

Certainly the US Senate believes that too. Despite enormous pressure from the Carter administration, the Senate voted, 87-0, for an amendment to the foreign aid authorization calling for "the establishment of secure, recognized and defensible borders between Israel and its neighbors." The National Security and State Department boys had a fit over the word "defensible," so no one should now misunderstand the meaning of the administration's defeat on this issue.

Some of the Carter people say now that they see what the Senate and almost everybody else has always seen: territorial compromise is essential to peace. We'll know soon enough if that is so. If Carter can't get Sadat to see the need for territorial compromise, and get Sadat to acknowledge that need, the present initiative will collapse, and there won't be another one for a very long time.

We are right to oppose the
"internal settlement" in Rhodesia.

Smith Takes a Bishop

Who could resist the appeal? Here was a black African in clerical collar, asking for American blessing of a peaceful agreement between blacks and whites. "I have come to rouse and invoke the democratic conscience of America," Bishop Abel Muzorewa said in a Washington speech July 19. "I have come to demand that America must honor her traditional principle of justice, human rights and national sovereignty and that America must come to the immediate help of nascent democracy in Rhodesia/Zimbabwe, where this bud of democracy is, at this very moment, fighting for its very existence."

Bishop Muzorewa, the man who sat down with Ian Smith and who is likely to succeed him as Prime Minister if their internal settlement works, was lobbying for an immediate end to US economic sanctions against Rhodesia. He very nearly convinced Congress to go along with him. The House actually passed legislation lifting sanctions at the end of this year unless elections promised under the settlement haven't taken place. The Senate came close to lifting sanctions, too, but instead passed a compromise authorizing President Carter to lift them if he finds that Smith has been willing to negotiate with guerrilla leaders who oppose the internal settlement and if a new government is installed following fair elections in which both blacks and whites get to participate. A conference committee has approved the Senate version, but the full House has yet to agree.

The pending conference report is tame enough, but the whole exercise was another demonstration of the Democratic Congress's unwillingness to follow the leadership of the Carter administration. In the congressional debate, opponents said the administration is putting American influence behind power-hungry, anti-democratic and Communist-aided guerrillas who want to seize Rhodesia by force and, very probably, set up one or another kind of brutal Marxist dictatorship. Given the choices as much of Congress and the public understand them, it is a wonder that the administration policy of continuing the embargo emerged as little damaged as it did. To listen to most anti-administration propaganda, it is as though Martin Luther King Jr. and George Wallace had agreed to a new deal for governing Alabama, but a goofy White House was threatening to send in troops to protect the interests of Stokely Carmichael and H. Rap Brown—who, what is more, were committed to inviting in Fidel Castro to help run the State. Who could seriously defend such a policy?

The Carter administration actually has a better policy than this. It is not risk-free, but it deserves more support than it is getting. Its premise is that the way to build American influence and deny the Soviet Union and Cuba opportunities to meddle in Africa is to promote peaceful settlements of national and racial disputes. The US has encouraged peacemaking between Zaire and Angola. A US diplomat, Donald McHenry, has succeeded brilliantly (so far) in negotiating a plan for United Nations-supervised elections in Southwest Africa, soon to be an independent nation called Namibia.

In Rhodesia, the administration is trying to bring about a peaceful settlement that will last. The administration assumes that however nice Bishop Muzorewa seems, no peaceful settlement is possible without the participation of guerrilla leaders Joshua Nkomo and Robert Mugabe. Their guerrillas—rather than Muzorewa's sermons—were the principal cause of Ian Smith's decision to relinquish total white domina-

tion of the country. Nkomo and Mugabe have been invited to compete in elections scheduled this year under the internal settlement, but they have refused. Administration critics contend this is because they are afraid they will lose democratically and want to win militarily. But administration officials are convinced that Nkomo, at least, genuinely believes the internal settlement is unfair and distrusts Smith's intention to give power away. Administration officials tend to accept characterizations of Mugabe as an anti-democratic Marxist ideologue, but portray Nkomo as an opportunist politician who accepts Soviet and Cuban help simply because it is available.

Is the internal settlement fair? Can Smith be trusted? Muzorewa says yes, but he probably will become prime minister if elections ever are held under its terms. During House debate early this month, Democratic Representative Stephen Solarz, a foreign policy specialist just returned from Rhodesia, said that most blacks living in the tribal trust lands—where 80 percent of the population lives—seem to be either suspicious of or hostile to the internal settlement. Months after the supposed changeover he said, "The people face the same army, the same police, the same civil servants, and even the same Mr. Smith parading around under the title of Prime Minister." Solarz said the people seem to feel sympathy with the guerrilla "boys in the bush," though they show no decisive loyalty either to Nkomo or Mugabe. He also offered evidence tending to support black doubts about Smith's sincerity. Half a million blacks remain confined in the government's "protected villages," which Solarz said "can only be termed quasi-concentration camps." The Rhodesian government has not yet repealed laws against black property ownership in white areas. And before elections are held, a new constitution will have to be approved by a referendum in which only whites will be able to vote. The constitution has yet to be drafted.

The Carter administration is trying to get all the contending parties together to negotiate a new settlement that might forestall a devastating civil war. Nkomo is willing to attend, and so is Mugabe. Administration officials say that Smith, too, has privately indicated he may attend, having been warned by ranking members of his military that government forces are losing control of the countryside. Now it is Muzorewa, the ostensible peacemaker and darling of the Congress, who is refusing to attend a peace conference.

There is every possibility that a conference, if it ever took place, would collapse and civil war would ensue. But a civil war is occurring now, and it is getting bloodier by the day. Members of Congress who want the United States to back the internal settlement now have to ask themselves whether US diplomatic support would stop the conflict, or whether US military aid or some even deeper involvement would be necessary, and whether that would serve larger US

aims in Africa. The Carter administration is not running from a fight in Africa. It is in the middle of the best one there is—a struggle to prevent expansion of Soviet influence in Africa and to keep African people from dying.

Morton Kondracke

White House Watch

Rosalynn At Work

Rosalynn Carter tended during her and her Jimmy's first months at the White House to ask, rather impatiently, "Why can't we just do it?" when she encountered bureaucratic resistance to something she wanted done in connection with mental health programs, federal aid for dependent old people, and the like. She must have known after four years as the activist wife of a governor of Georgia that there are limits to what can be accomplished in any government by orders from the top. Yet she had to be told on occasion by officials with whom she was dealing that the limits apply to Presidents and First Ladies, too, and apply in Washington in ways that may differ from the way things worked in Georgia. She is said to have been altogether understanding and responsive when reminded that federal programs are not run from the White House, that political factors unknown to presidential staffs may be apparent in the departments and agencies, and that arbitrary orders from the White House in such situations could result in embarrassment for the President. "Well, sure," she would say, "I didn't realize that. I don't want *that* to happen. My interest is in getting good things done, but I don't want that kind of problem."

Her ability to get things done depends mainly upon the backing the President gives her and upon the amount and quality of assistance her staff and the President's much larger staff provide. When a visiting editor asked him on August 11, "How much influence would you say Mrs. Carter has on you?" the President answered in effect that his backing of her is total. "Rosalynn," he said, "is an extremely knowledgeable and sensitive person, has a very strong will. I think she understands the consciousness of the American people and their attitudes, perhaps, better than I do. She is a full partner with me in every sense of the word." He remarked that "she is even involved in foreign affairs" and that she was then in Rome, heading the US delegation to the funeral of Pope Paul VI. Carter mentioned with pride "the arrival statement that

Rosalynn had made" in Rome. In it she referred to him as "Jimmy." Only once during his presidency has she publicly called him anything else. When she returned last year from a tour of Latin America and was greeted by the President, the Secretary of State and other notables, she began a formal statement with: "Mr. President, Jimmy, Mr. Secretary of State. . . ."

She's had some trouble with her own staff and Carter has been responsible for part of it. When he was making a big thing of cutting back the White House staff last year, cutting it back less in fact than in the official arithmetic, he required her despite her strong protest to reduce her personal staff from 22 to 18 full-time employees. She called in an official who had divulged details of that hassle to a reporter and, according to the official, gave him hell. For other reasons he quit the government soon afterward. Although Mrs. Carter is broadening her interests and activities in ways that demonstrably will call for more help, she is having to make do with the prescribed total of 18 on her immediate staff. "Jimmy says, no more staff!" she said the other day, laughing without joy. The President has recently and sternly reiterated his ban against the use of detailees who work at the White House but remain on other federal payrolls. He reluctantly tolerates a few detailees on his wife's and other staffs, provided that they are brought in for specific tasks and a limited time, no more than six months. Rosalynn perforce intends to rely upon unpaid volunteers, perhaps one or two temporary detailees, and more help from and cooperation with the President's staff than she has hitherto received or welcomed.

Mrs. Carter's predominant interest during the first 16 months was a study of mental health programs and problems by a presidential commission that she inspired and headed, and a report issued by the commission. A measure of her judgment as compared with contrary judgments in the same area is provided by her estimate of that report. She said in an interview in early August that she regards the report as a major achievement, a document that will and should "set the direction" for years to come. Critics including some professionals in the Carter government consider it a superficial reflector of orthodox "establishment" attitudes in a field where new approaches are needed.

Now she has two other major interests, one short-term and one long-term. She has scheduled three campaign appearances on behalf of Democratic candidates for Congress in late September and expects to schedule several more before the November elections. For the long pull she has enlisted in the President's urban aid program, with politically useful side attention to rural needs as well. Her particular emphasis is on volunteer effort and local endeavors in which citizens try to help themselves. In short—"voluntarism," a hackneyed concept for which she'd like to find a better word. Her account of how she got into this activity

gives an insight into her and Jimmy Carter's basically conservative social philosophy. She says that she learned in her work for the mentally ill and the dependent elderly that such programs do best when "people in the community are interested in them, want them to work and assume some kind of responsibility for them." She continues: "So what I wanted to do was to take this a step further, to help solve the problems of the cities. About the same time Jimmy was drawing up his urban policy I was meeting with him once a week for lunch and we were talking about what I was doing and what he was doing. We thought, if we could only get that message across to the people, that would be the only way we could ever begin to solve the problems of the cities, because you could pour money in and if there is nobody there that cares about it, it's not going to work."

Some 300 representatives of local organizations engaged in training disadvantaged people for work and finding jobs for them attended a seminar that she and collaborators organized and she conducted in Washington July 27. She presided with enthusiasm and crisp precision, said emphatically that she didn't intend to be a solicitor of federal funds for them or anybody else, and invited them to write her after they went home. Many of them did, most of them with obviously genuine thanks for her interest and encouragement and some with the expressed hope of getting federal support through her. One petitioner wrote to "Mrs. James Carter," a form of address unlikely to appeal to Jimmy's wife. One of her purposes is to identify volunteer groups that deserve federal support and to tell them where to seek federal help. Cabinet Secretary Jack Watson, who is also the President's assistant for intergovernmental affairs and the head of a new Inter-Agency Coordinating Council, is making the council's small staff available to her. Watson has suggested that she oversee the preparation of a manual for local and state officials and volunteer groups, listing federal programs and agencies where they may get funds and guidance. A six-months detailee probably will produce the manual and she will sponsor it.

Mrs. Carter and her press secretary and staff director, Mary Hoyt, bring out the bitch in some of the female journalists who do stories about the First Lady. Two complaints are that a lousy staff isolates Rosalynn from press and public and so keeps her from being the asset to the President that she could be; and that her staff wastes time and energy in unnecessary quarrels with the President's staff. Mrs. Carter has approved a staff reorganization aimed principally at arranging and supporting a widening variety of public appearances. "It will make us efficient," Mary Hoyt says, tacitly suggesting that the organization and the performance have not been as efficient as they should have been in the past. Rosalynn discussed the reports of staff friction and the image question recently. She said: "If there's any friction between the East Wing (her office

wing) and the West Wing (Jimmy's wing) I don't know about it and I really haven't tried to find out. We have a really good relationship with them. I talk to Jody Powell, I talk to Hamilton Jordan, I talk to Jerry Rafshoon. About the message not getting across, I haven't worked on getting the message across. Working on mental health, which took a year, is not something you try to go out and do media events for. Now, in the next year, the things I am going to be doing are the kinds of things that I want a lot of attention focused on. If I see good things that are working, people solving problems and I can focus some attention on them, I am going to want that exposure."

According to Rosalynn's assistants and Jimmy's assistants, the stories of friction between the two staffs are distorted and exaggerated. But they have a basis in facts that reveal a lot about her and her establishment and her husband and his establishment. Rosalynn's people describe her as "a private person," so private that her own staff frequently doesn't know where she is or what she's up to or what she has committed herself to do. The trait does not make for efficient staff work and support. Beyond that, Mary Hoyt has said and Mrs. Carter has let her say from the beginning that Rosalynn "does her own thing." She and her assistants guard their autonomy, their independence from "the West Wing," with quiet ferocity. Now the wariness and distance are diminishing, what with Rosalynn's need for more assistance and her wish, her greatest desire at the moment, to involve herself to the fullest in a joint effort to arrest the decline in Jimmy's fortunes and repute. But the wariness and the distance persist, or anyhow the appearance does. Gerald Rafshoon, the media specialist who largely at Rosalynn's urging joined the Carter staff in order to improve the projection of the Carter image and the performance behind the image, takes care to say that he's nothing more than a consultant to Mary Hoyt and is not moving in on the publicity part of her operation. Extracting from Carter assistants concerned with politics—Hamilton Jordan, Jody Powell, Phil Wise, Tim Kraft, Anne Wexler—any specifics about their work with Rosalynn and her people to coordinate her and the President's campaign efforts is absurdly difficult—one should say, impossible. They are as anxious as ever to avoid any impression that they—"the West Wing"—intend to dominate Rosalynn and "the East Wing" or see any need to try. A West Wing assistant put the relationship well. He said: "That wariness really exists at the staff level, not at the President's and Rosalynn's level. Rosalynn knows who she is. She is quite confident of her relationship with the President. It would never occur to her that she might be subordinated to the West Wing. But it does occur to some folks over in the East Wing, in a big way."

Ann Blackman of the Associated Press wrote a pleasant and informative feature story about Rosalynn last March. It opened with Rosalynn and Jimmy awaking in their double bed at 6 a.m. and closed with

her going to sleep and Jimmy turning off the light "shortly before midnight." Blackman got that part of her story from Rosalynn's handwritten answers to a set of remarkably personal written questions. Rosalynn seemed to get a kick out of answering them. Blackman ended her list of questions as follows: "PS: who peeks under the bed to say good night to Mary Hoyt?"

Joke.

John Osborne

Remote-control mental wards.

Forced Drugging

Psychiatry is embattled on two fronts. On its gentle side—the talking therapy side—it is criticized for making scientific claims when in fact its practitioners seem to work as artists. And on its hard side—the side that forcefully interferes with the brain or constrains human behavior—it is criticized for being authoritarian. An earlier article (*TNR*, August 5 & 12) described the first kind of complaint; this one examines the second.

The psychiatrist's most important tool for controlling behavior today is the psychotropic drug. The most controversial drugs in this category are the major tranquilizers or "anti-psychotics": Thorazine, Stelazine, Compazine, Mellaril, Trilafon, Haldol, Prolixin and Permitil. Many other drugs are prescribed for people with mental disorders, but they are not complained about because they are neither as strong nor as dangerous as the major tranquilizers. Some people even seem to enjoy taking mild sedatives like Quaaludes, for example.

Mind-bending drugs have revolutionized mental health care in the last 30 years. Drugs now make it possible for one prescriber, even one with little training in the workings of the psyche, to calm many times the number of patients a doctor would be able to help if he were working alone, without drugs. They make it possible to keep a patient under a form of remote-control institutional discipline similar to the kind that's maintained in a hospital even after the patient has returned to the outside world. Drugs provide a relatively cheap way of eliminating the outward signs of mental distress. In special cases, they actually seem to eliminate the source of distress. For these reasons, permanent drug-dosing has grown tremendously as a treatment for madness. The American Psychiatric Association points out that the number of patients in mental wards in the US has been cut in half since the early 1950s—from around 600,000 to around 300,000—an achievement which it counts as a direct blessing of the drug age. Yet as the number of

inpatients falls, the number on drug control rises.

The National Institute of Mental Health (NIMH) does not know how many Americans are kept on major tranquilizers. It commissioned a survey in 1970 to find out how widely these drugs were used in the general population. Using the results of random interviews, the poll taker concluded that about one percent of Americans—over two million people—took a major tranquilizer that year. Christopher Hansen, director of the American Civil Liberties Union's project on mental health law in New York, guessed that over 90 percent of patients in mental hospitals are put on these drugs. Dr. Peter Breggin, a Washington, DC, psychiatrist who refers to major tranquilizers as the "pharmacologic straightjacket," concludes from his research that 75 to 91 percent of long-term mental patients are locked into heavy drug therapy. Official records may understate the extent of drugging, Breggin believes. He tells of a visit he made to a Virginia state mental hospital where the superintendent had listed only 60 percent of the patients as being on major tranquilizers. When Breggin checked the files, he found that 95 percent had been put on a heavy drug regimen.

Breggin is one of the five or six psychiatrists in this country who have joined in a radical struggle with the professional establishment to do away with "intrusive" therapies. They have fought against and reduced the use of experimental brain surgery on mental patients. (It's estimated that 400 to 1000 "psychosurgery" or lobotomy operations are still performed each year.) At the moment, these psychiatrists are engaged in a campaign to stop electroshock therapy. (NIMH guesses that about 60,000 patients are shocked each year. Breggin guesses the number is over 100,000.) They are just beginning to work on major tranquilizers. This may prove to be the angriest dispute of all.

The argument made against these drugs is threefold. First of all, they are said to be medically ineffective. Breggin claims that they do nothing to help the patient understand or overcome his condition. Instead, they make him passive, malleable and helpless. By dulling the patient's acuity, they may even make it more difficult for him to come to grips with the outside world and may condemn him to permanent isolation.

Second, these drugs are brutally powerful and may cause irreversible neurological damage. Patients dislike them. According to Breggin, they often try to bargain with ward nurses to have dosages reduced. Breggin has written of phenothiazine, "no other drug now in wide use in medicine causes so many dangerous, disfiguring and uncomfortable side effects." It's been known since the mid-1960s that the phenothiazines (of which Thorazine is the most familiar) can cause tardive dyskinesia, a disease characterized by "rhythmical, involuntary movements of the tongue, face, mouth or jaw (e.g. protrusion of the tongue, puffing of cheeks, puckering of mouth, chewing movements)." Some

heavy users cannot keep their hands or feet still, and constantly wear out shoes with foot shuffling. Breggin fears that as many as half the long-term users of phenothiazines suffer from tardive dyskinesia. Anyone with this disease would have trouble passing as normal.

The third argument is a moral one. It is that people should not be forced to take drugs or any "therapy" they don't want, nor should anyone be persuaded to take a drug without being warned about the dangerous side effects. The ACLU and other civil rights groups have seized on this principle—the right to refuse treatment—and joined with some of the "anti" psychiatrists to launch a rather formidable assault on the modern mental ward. The first major test of the principle will come this fall in Boston. The United States Court of Appeals there will rule soon on a case brought against the state mental hospital by seven patients who claim, among other legal theories, that they were "assaulted" by being forced to take psychotropic drugs.

The Boston case (*Rogers v. Okin*) could cause a big change in the operation of mental hospitals throughout the US. Everyone who has studied the case agrees on this. If the patients win, it could mean that doctors will be forbidden to drug people against their will except in a legal emergency when a threat of violence is present, or when the patient has been declared incompetent by law. In the second instance, the patient's legal guardian would have to give the doctor permission to administer drugs.

According to the patients' brief (filed by civil rights lawyers), "What we oppose is . . . doctors appointing themselves their patients' guardian, accountable to no one, without any procedural safeguards needed for protecting the patient. . . ." To put it simply, the brief argues that a person committed to a hospital for mental "treatment" does not have to accept the treatment the doctor proposes. The patient may pick and choose among the treatments available. Even if the patient makes the wrong choice, picking something the doctors know will do him more harm than good, he is entitled to do that. Patients should be allowed to choose simple confinement if that's what they want.

This argument is galling to the psychiatrists. It implies that they don't know what's best, or else that they are intentionally mistreating the patient. In speaking to psychiatrists, one senses that the professional affront is what bothers them most about the case. Lawyers and judges are forcing their way into a world they do not understand, and they may be trying to help sick people become sicker. It is not only an assault on the psychiatrists' professional turf, in this view, but also a violation of the patient's right to receive proper treatment.

The doctors' short answer to the challenge—gleaned from an *amicus* brief filed by the Massachusetts Psychiatric Society—is that psychotropic drugs actually do work. In many cases they offer the only proper

treatment available, a tool that can be used to arrest the progress of psychic disintegration before it runs its full course. A doctor who fails to use drugs when the symptoms suggest a need for them makes himself liable for a malpractice suit.

The doctors are caught in a bind between this new "right to refuse treatment" and the recently established "right to treatment." The Supreme Court ruled in 1975 that a person cannot be confined against his will in a mental hospital without receiving the appropriate treatment. The reasoning was that social misfits should not be denied their liberty simply to get them out of society's way. The psychiatrists say this forces them to give drugs even to mental patients who resist them. Even though there is a path the psychiatrists can follow through this thicket of legal "rights," it is easy to sympathize with their feeling that lawyers are taking the important decisions about therapy out of their hands.

While the major tranquilizers do offer help to some patients, they also offer something to the hospital staff. This part of the equation cannot be left out. They offer a simple means of control. Thorazine, for example, can be used not only to keep psychosis in check, but also to punish unruly patients and to render large numbers of inmates manageable by a small staff. The Boston patients specifically charge that the hospital uses drugs to penalize and manipulate troublemakers. It is wrong to use these drugs simply as tools of management, yet that is how they are used in many wards. Even psychiatrists concede that this is so.

The brief filed by the Massachusetts Psychiatric Society tells the story. "It is quite possible," the brief explains, "that if a staff person were available to devote his full time to one potentially violent or actually violent patient, he might be able to calm that patient. . . . But if that staff person is responsible for the care of twenty or more other patients, a situation not uncommon in many hospitals, he cannot spend sufficient time with one patient. . . . Under these circumstances, there is no recourse but to use seclusion and forced medication. . . ." It is cheaper to give drugs than to hire professional staff. Shervert Frazier, a Boston psychiatrist and spokesman for the American Psychiatric Association, agreed that, "There's no question that in a state hospital where you're understaffed, you see a higher percentage of patients on drugs." But he insisted that without drugs like Thorazine, state hospitals would be less humane than they are now.

Frazier apparently sees the issue in a true light: some mental wards are humane and some are not. The ones that lack money, that accept patients no one else wants and that employ fewer and less talented staff members tend to be worse. One of the mistakes they make is to overuse drugs. Frazier conceded in addition that some doctors, through ignorance or sloth, prescribe drugs too freely. He said that some hospitals in his opinion

wrongly use shock therapy for a majority of patients. Yet he firmly believes that giving the patient the right to refuse treatment will harm the patient. A psychotic is not capable of diagnosing himself or judging what kind or what dosage of medicine he ought to receive. Stopping drug treatment for large numbers of patients, Frazier said, would make life on the wards miserable and reconvert hospitals into the warehouses they were in the 19th century.

Frazier may put the dilemma too starkly. The choice is not necessarily between bedlam and the doctor's wisdom. It may be a choice between several wisdoms. As a spokesman for the profession, Frazier may feel it necessary to defend the psychiatrist's prerogative against legalistic assaults and second guesses. When challenged in court, professionals sometimes threaten to go on strike and let the lawyers do their job. But the issue ought not to be so hard to resolve. Psychiatrists in the last few years have been pushed into drawing up ethical guidelines for the use of psychosurgery and electroshock therapy. They can do the same for forced drugging.

Eliot Marshall

A consumer speaks out.

The Pope I Want

On the understanding that I am neither theologian nor close observer of Vatican politics, I write as a lay Catholic about the events precipitated by the death of Pope Paul. So to speak, I write as a consumer of Catholicism; or as one shareholder in the enterprise, always with the understanding that the Pope has all the voting stock. These metaphors, I confidently believe, will not upset the Holy Spirit.

What do we—or, better, I—desire? Chesterton, almost everyone recalls, described his circumnavigation in search of something which, when finally he came upon it, he discovered to be—orthodoxy. The Pope as Theological Swinger is not what one wants. People who think of themselves as modernists usually ask one of two things. Either they want the Catholic religion to adopt reforms so convincing as to render the denomination indistinguishable from other Christian denominations, or they want the church to throw itself into the problems of mankind, which they almost always describe in materialist terms. The Reverend William Sloane Coffin repeatedly uses the metaphor of the floating crap game. Where the action is, this is where the churchman should be, he says, wiping his brow of

the sweat from the most recent anti-Vietnam demonstration. Even though the proposition that the Pope should qualify for Pulitzer Prizes in investigative theology is not by any means universally accepted, most of the anticipatory journalism about who will be the next Pope consists of good guy/bad guy polarization based on these sorts of standards.

I think, for example, of a recent catalogue of mini-biographies of all the cardinals, *The Inner Elite: Dossiers of Papal Candidates*, by Gary MacEoin and the Committee for the Responsible Election of the Pope (Sheed, Andrews and McMeel). The authors rate the cardinals more or less by ADA standards. Each cardinal is asked whether he is "committed to guiding the church into the mainstream of the world's search for justice and dignity." Cardinal Cody of Chicago, the book says, would "undoubtedly line up with the most reactionary United States and Roman cardinals." Cardinal Krol of Philadelphia would be "a leader of the reactionaries." Cardinal Siri of Genoa "will be a powerful leader of the most reactionary elements," Cardinal Seper of Zagreb "would form part of the hard-core curial conservative bloc." Apparently there are those who want a Pope who seeks economic redistribution among the haves and the have-nots, and dogmatical redistribution among believers and non-believers.

The Pope, on the one hand, must unmistakably be the Pope of the Church of the Poor, who feels the whiplash of hunger and pain and cold, and reminds his flock encephalophonically that what we do to the least of God's creatures we do to Him. But, in doing so he must also emphasize the Church's primary mission on earth, which is to minister to the spiritual needs of man rather than to his corporal needs. Men are destined to suffer the vicissitudes of life, but the Pope is there to preside over an institution whose principal relevance is its irrelevance to terrestrial, if not mundane, problems. The Pope must stand out as the principal symbol of the transfiguring dimension of life. The church is built on that rock. If men do not live by bread alone, they do not live for bread alone. The Pope's capacity persuasively to superordinate the spiritual over the material is the highest skill his community can demand from him. For this reason the philosophical Christian resists the tendency of the ideologues to describe candidates for the office as "conservative" or "liberal." These terms are associated with a penchant for modes of

social organization that are of subordinate concern to organized Christianity, which is not to say they are of no concern.

The new Pope has got to be strong enough to acknowledge past mistakes, among them the excesses of Vatican II. What were the accomplishments of Vatican II? This question reminds one of President Eisenhower's famous response when asked to catalogue the contributions of Vice President Nixon during their eight years together: "Give me a week, and I'll think of them." The Church is far less powerful than it was in the days of Pius XII, far less magnetic; and, for that reason, far less offensive to members of other communions. If, as we are told in the *Devil's Dictionary*, admiration is the recognition of other people's similarity to oneself, then the road traveled by the Catholic Church after Vatican II made it more popular among Protestants, to be sure.

It is not absolutely safe to say that the 40,000 American priests who abandoned their vocations and the 40 percent of American Catholics who ceased regular attendance at mass did so because of the dilutions of Vatican II. There were other pressures. The *Playboy* Philosopher was the most spirited evangelizer of the 1960s; the iconoclastic imperative showed itself triumphant. It has been an age when churchgoing became, as Bernard Iddings Bell complained even a generation ago, "a pastime, preferred by a few to golf or canasta" and, if Peter Berger is correct, we began facing up to the possibility that religious faith might be all but extinct by the end of the century.

Vatican II cannot be blamed for all of this. Nevertheless, the symbols of Vatican II, for the communicant, were a Uriah Heepishness in all matters save those that touched on sex. The showplace of the church is the liturgy, and here the reforms proved disastrous: a disfiguration of what was venerable and beautiful, into a vulgar collegiality that is artificial, distracting and appropriately celebrated by the worst abuses against the English language in the history of syntax. The lifting of the ban against eating meat on Fridays was a huge error in psychology, the equivalent of sending free valentines every week of the year. ("If all the year were playing holidays, / To sport would be as tedious as to work.")

The new Pope, facing a shortage of clergy caused by the dilution of spiritual vitality, will face yet again the question of whether a noncelibate order should be permitted. (Paul VI ruled on the matter administratively, not theologically.) I think it is reasonable to say that if he were to permit such an order of priests, he would not undermine the vitality of the institution of the priesthood or the faith of those who believe that priests are a distinctive spiritual caste. A more difficult corollary is the question, bound to return to the Pope's attention, of contraceptives. That they are widely, if not universally, used by the Catholic community is not

Summer Schedule:

We will omit an issue on
September 2 (next week).

an argument for repealing the arguments of the encyclical *Humanae vitae*. The case for repealing those arguments, or amending them, was made by the *periti* designated by the Pope to inquire into the theological question in a report recommending, by a substantial majority, such a repeal. The new Pope is likely to look again at these arguments, and it is likely that, in a fresh allocution, he will modify *Humanae vitae* at least to the point of making it paradigmatic as distinct from binding. To say that the supreme point of sexual union is the continuation of life is to say that and not necessarily more than that. A retreat from a strict-constructionist reading of *Humanae vitae* probably would be welcome in the long run without being held up as evidence of theological demagoguery. Concerning sex in general, the new Pope cannot, surely, damage his church by stressing yet again that the sins of the spirit are more awful than the sins of the flesh, sinful though these latter continue to be.

The new Pope should be cautious to avoid the lure of ideological identification. The pull from the third world, to which Pope Paul was by no means immune, need not be resisted completely. But the next Pope must sharply distinguish between explicit sympathy for the wretched of this earth, and apparent support for

a doctrinal redistributionism based on primitive economic credenda which reduce Christianity to socialist cant. The Pope cannot increase his prestige among thinking men by uttering pieties whose structure rests on economic fatuities.

Having said all of this, it is proper to call to the attention of the non-Catholic community that the reverence Catholics feel for their Popes rests in considerable part on the conviction that through him, the Holy Spirit is sometimes at work. This means that there is an obligation in conscience to consider a statement by the Pope at least as deferentially as we are nowadays trained to consider decisions of the Supreme Court. The next Pope will need to catch the flagging attention of a world much caught up with Mammon. The reason why Catholics pray for divine guidance in the Sistine Chapel during this period is that they hope for a vehicle sensitive to the rendering of Christian intelligence to a headstrong world absorbed in the lesser pursuits of the human imagination.

William F. Buckley Jr.

William F. Buckley Jr. is editor of *National Review*. His most recent book is *Stained Glass* (Doubleday).

A woman's place is on a pedestal.

The Real Life of Women

by Henry Fairlie

I must be clear about the terms that I will use.

By *female* I mean the biological, what is given with the gender. The dictionary leaves no doubt about this. The female is the bearer of the young, of which the male is the begetter. No definition of the female will bear scrutiny if it does not center on the biological function of carrying the young or the egg.

By *feminine* I mean, not what is given, but what is acquired: What is cultivated, not what is biological. The feminine is the attributes and properties which, in differing ways in different cultures, women and men regard as necessary to establish, protect, and give expression to the female. Unlike the female, the feminine can be redefined.

By *womanly* I mean the whole human being who is formed by the play of the female and the feminine in

natures that are otherwise common to us. Womanliness is our common human nature given a particular scope, bent, and expression by what is not male or manly. The womanly is indeed what we ought to mean by the person.

All of these could be restated to apply to the other sex. If I concentrate on our concepts of the feminine, it is because this is where the redefinitions are taking place, compelling the masculine to be redefined as well. For better or for worse—we do not know yet how it will turn out—this redefinition is altering the relationship between the sexes. These changes ought to be debated with strenuousness.

There is a conspiracy of silence among "liberals" and "progressives" about the results, not so far altogether encouraging, of some of the attitudes that are

nourished by the women's movement. These people are then surprised that there has been a backlash against that silence in the unexpectedly strong tide of resentment against the Equal Rights Amendment. This conspiracy of silence is sustained by the accusation and innuendo which meet any criticisms of the objectives or methods of the women's movement. Innuendo, especially. Those I am criticizing are adept at it. Any woman who does not entirely go along with them, any man who raises a doubt about their hectoring, is immediately said to feel threatened by the liberated woman. Only they, the women of propaganda, are strong.

But let us turn aside, to find a footing. Art should not be confused with life, least of all in a context such as this. But we should let art inform our lives, now and then, because our lives after all informed it first. In his study of *The Nude*, published more than 20 years ago, Kenneth Clark uses Plato's distinction between the two Aphrodites, the Celestial and the Vulgar, later to be called the Venus Coelestis and the Venus Naturalis. The burden of his theme is that from Praxiteles to Renoir the artists "looked with such eagerness at Venus Naturalis because they had caught a glimpse of her inaccessible twin sister." They were profoundly moved by "their belief that the female body was the token of harmonious natural order." This did not prevent them from finding it human and sensuous, desirable and touching. But as he says of *The Three Graces* of Botticelli, it is "transposed into a melody of celestial beauty; celestial but humanly touching"; whether in the "lovable perfection" that Raphael gave to the human race in his female nude, or in the "sensuous weight" of a woman's body that is given such full expression by Rubens or Renoir, there are also "shadowy invitations" and "poetic mystery."

Such beliefs cannot and should not be transported directly into our lives, but it would be absurd to deny that the love of man and woman, which even our age must allow to be exceptional in its aspiring, is informed in some degree by intimations such as this. If woman's body is a "symbol of creative and regenerative life," in art, this symbol is not altogether absent from the approaches of man and woman in real life. Men and women are not the same as each other in each other's eyes, with the mere exception of one or two organs and their functions. The biology dictates more than the biological functions. The "sensuous weight" of a woman's body carries with it more than a merely physical apprehension. Women are pulled down below the surface of life, said Rilke, by reason of the weight of the life that is in them. To deny such complexities in our sexual differences is merely not to live very deeply.

Because it is not quite a Raphael or a Rubens, the *Rokeby Venus* on the cover of this issue is worth our attention. It is generally regarded as one of the most satisfying pictures of a woman ever painted, and there

are some matters in which the general regard is worth following. It stands at the head of Kenneth Clark's book, as it should, even though in the text he curiously describes it as "that strange, dispassionate work." It is merely unexpected in its depth. Here is a picture of womanhood.

Lovely and aware of her loveliness; but tentative with her beauty and grave. It seems that her body could not be more at ease. It rests not on the single mass of her own weight, flopped down on the bed, but on a series of separate points of balance, from her elbow to her foot. One feels she could turn on any one of these at the next second. Yet the whole of her body is also questioning. Cover the Cupid and the mirror and, with her face all but hidden from us, her body is still full of question. To catch the fleeting moment and be absorbed in it, absorbed in herself and yet detached, intimate with her own beauty and yet inquiring of it: this is the gift and the care of women. Restore the mirror to the picture, and one knows at once why the mirror is the property and the necessity of woman, for it is not just a thing of vanity. Her gaze into the mirror is deep—Velasquez has emphasized this by setting the image far back in the glass—honest and penetrating and unremitting. The beautiful, held, half-profile in the flesh becomes in the mirror a warm, sensual, confused face, even a little scared. In the mirror we barely see the arm and the hand that hold her head so poised; we see a face that seems alone and vulnerable and so open with its revelations. She asks a lot as she gazes, but one thing she is not asking is: "Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who is the fairest of them all?"

But we must look also at the boy Cupid as he holds the mirror to her. Hand held so firmly but not forcefully over hand, so manly a hold, the hold of the greatest archer of them all. He seems to take himself out of the picture, the mirror held at arm's length. The firm bent knee does not even touch the bed; in it is concentrated the balance that holds the frame to her. We look from his knee to hers, from his right foot to hers, each placed in line with the other, and in them is the different speech of the sexes. But especially we follow where his face is turned. He does not look at her. He is not such a fool as that, not at such a moment. He looks where she looks, and in his face is an expression only of attentiveness: again so manly a look. There is not a hint of intrusion—he is not trying to get into the act—as he gazes with no word on a secret. Our eyes leave him, return for a moment to the face in the mirror, and then trace back the body. The half-profile, the questioning, the tentativeness, the absorption, the self-intimacy, the sensuousness—to herself in that moment: is that what Clark found dispassionate?—the detachment, the wondering, the ease, the doubt, the stillness, the enrapture, the moment. The length of the moment. There is no way such a nude could be painted of a man.

No one in his or her senses would think of saying that

the *Rokeby Venus* is feminine. The feminine plays in and about her, deliciously, but it is far too slight a word to describe her. She is not admiring her femininity, which she just takes for granted, her toilet exquisitely done, her hair swept back from the soft ear. Rather, she is discovering her femaleness, discovering it to herself in that moment, feeling the womanliness that is alive in her, tranquil but still pricking and a mystery. The feminine is not really to be found in the nude. For the feminine we must go to the nymphets of Fragonard on their swings. The nude takes us deeper and, however far it is removed from life, "a study in ideal form" as Clark puts it, it speaks to us of what is.

The feminine and the masculine are merely concepts that we invent. They are sources of satisfaction, attraction and delight, to ourselves and to others. But since we invent them, they should be distrusted. There have been many false concepts of the masculine that have distorted and even diminished the manly. The women's movement is rightly trying to clear away what it regards as many false concepts of the feminine. But if our past notions were invented for what now seem to us to be false reasons, our reasons for reinventing them today may be no less false. They also may be dictated by historical circumstances that are no more universally true than those from which we think we have escaped. What galls so many people today is the glibness with which the women's movement claims that its redefinitions are revelations of lasting truth. At least the chivalrous notion of woman was understood at the time to be in part a mere invention of fancy.

It is my contention here that the feminine is today being made the enemy of the female and the womanly; that the crucial flaw in the women's movement is its all-but-exclusive concern with feminineness; that the notion of what it can mean to be female and womanly is being narrowed and impoverished rather than widened and enriched; that the creation of the "female human being," to which Rilke looked forward in 1904 as the great work of this century, is farther off than ever; that with all this, the male and the manly, as distinct from the masculine, are being undone as well; and that as a result, a terrible desperation is creeping into relations between the sexes, clawing at them both. We have only to open our eyes and ears to be horrified.

On Bastille Day *The New York Times* published an article which no Frenchwoman or Frenchman would have understood. Its headline was "Single Women Over 30: 'Where Are the Men Worthy of Us?'" Some male readers wrote back with the obvious answer: the worthy men are happily with women worthy of them. But when we put aside that answer, to read the snappy quotations from the single women with care, what they tell of is desperation, even if it is concealed by arrogance and behind a stiff upper lip.

"There seem to be far more attractive, smart, witty, loving, giving women in New York than men. . . . We

are feeling much better about ourselves, but it also means that we are limiting the supply of men acceptable to us by our own discrimination. . . . The men have not caught up with us yet. . . . I think men are frightened by strong, confident women. . . . I've found a lot of fear of my own sexuality. . . . [Men] are suffering from various dysfunctions, including impotence. . . . I don't know where they are, the men who seem to be caring and loving, kind and attentive." What must appall anyone who can hear a human shriek is that every sentence is the sheerest cry of desperation, that every "strong, confident" statement is a whimper that dies quivering on the lips even in print.

Perhaps the point should not be pushed too far on the basis of an Op-Ed article in *The New York Times*. These are New York women of a peculiar breed who are talking: a 42-year-old TV correspondent, a writer, a 42-year-old book editor, a 37-year-old top executive, a 50-year-old book editor; a former fashion model. Anyone who goes to New York and is beguiled into a cocktail party will meet them, and they look and behave exactly as they sound on the page. They are living on their nerves, as they are living on them in these quotations. They are *New York*. They are *Ms.* They are not representative of the rest of the country, except in the propaganda they distill in the place of any deep reflection.

What one hears in their voices is the feminine torn from its roots in the female. This is the meaning of the comment of one of the book editors. "I have married, I have had children. I have no reason to look for the one man in my life." Here is the female as we have defined it, the bearer of new life, but when that function has been performed, the female is struck out, as if there is nothing else for it to do, nothing else for it to inform, and the feminine is left free to roam where it will, in what the article calls, in a phrase that rings none-too-convincingly, "the almost unalloyed happiness of the single life." Where are the men who are worthy? They are unlikely to be where the female is so withered, where it says "I have had children" as if it had won a diploma for reproduction, and need not worry any more about the meaning of this femaleness to its own character. Since a man does not bear children at all, why should he, by this accounting, "look for the single woman in his life?" Yet still he does, even in these days. The answer, of course, is that his maleness is extended, not merely to express itself in the masculine, which is a

COMING:

Henry Fairlie on

Arthur Schlesinger's RFK

thing only of the surface, but above all to create and inform the manly. It is womanliness that one misses in the resumé in *The New York Times*.

The desire to place an unconditional value on one person of the opposite sex is deep in human nature. It is quite as strong in men and women of 25 to 35 years today, the survivors of the 1960s, as ever it was. This is one reason why they are constantly distracted by the lack of pattern in sexual relationships. It is the ultimate form of giving and, being that, no less the ultimate form of taking. It is as if the reciprocal functions of male and female, in the begetting and bearing of new life, have been transformed into the reciprocal caring of the womanly and the manly. This is surely what W. H. Auden meant when he said that any long marriage is more interesting than even the most turbulent love affair. There is no reciprocity in the feminine and the masculine. They are the armor and weapons of defense and aggression, which can be used delightfully in the war of the sexes, but if released as the only expressions of our sexual natures are deadly to man and woman.

Round about the age of 27, which is almost invariably the year that both men and women choose to make the point, the woman who is still single and childless begins to ask herself—as no man does—whether she will bear a child or not. To deny the pressure of this moment is knavishness. The female is staking its claim against the barrenness of the feminine. Young women who talk about this question, trying to face it openly and truthfully, even say that “twenty-seven for a woman is very different from twenty-six,” thus emphasizing the acuteness of their own feelings. No man could say it of himself with such conviction, and it is not male propaganda which makes the woman say it. To say that the choice is easy, like choosing a dress, is a travesty of the reality that is felt.

It must be said at once that if the woman, in deciding not to bear a child, does not deny the female in her nature, but acknowledges that she is sacrificing its fulfillment, the feminine in her is not torn from its roots, and the womanly in her will still grow and be nourished. Most of us have known such women, who talk gravely of their decision, and are often singularly full human beings. An obvious example is the nun, who can be most womanly in her ways, even use some of the artifices of the feminine, not denying her femaleness but sublimating it. I personally do not understand the objection to the term spinster, since I associate it with aunts and schoolteachers in my childhood, who all brought a wholly womanly presence into my life, whom I remember as among the fullest people I have known, and who in their singleness and childlessness did not deny their femaleness. They did not slight their biology, or skimp the forms of nurture that are in its gift.

But if the woman makes the deliberate choice not to bear, without acknowledging its gravity for her whole personality, then the feminineness on which she must



"La baigneuse blonde" (1905) by Pierre Auguste Renoir
Courtesy of The Sterling and Francine Clark Institute, Williamstown, Massachusetts

henceforth rely will be pinched. She must bring into play every artifice of the desert-liver who must survive without moisture. What should be only the foils of the feminine, to guard the female and nourish the womanly, become their own and their only purpose. It is not a whit different with the male. If the masculine is torn from its roots, as the begetter of new life, exactly the same thing happens, and it turns into the sterility of the macho. Wherever the ultimate object of generation and so of the regenerative life is placed apart, there one will find that sexual relationships have been reduced to a desert. This is the crisis at which we now stand.

If we reduce our natures to the merely feminine and merely masculine, the differences between the two will indeed seem trivial. We might as well be unisex. A friend who recently visited Sweden was struck by the fact that the place was overrun by ravishingly beautiful women who nevertheless aroused no sexual interest at all. He was baffled by the contradiction, until he noticed the way they walked. "They have become men," he exclaimed to me. The observation will be resisted by some, yet it carries below the surface. The differences between the sexes are ways of enriching each sex, even simply as the human persons which we strive to be.

Men are less serious than women, it has often been said. Women are more grave—for one thing they grow old more painfully, which has nothing to do with vanity—valuing reality more. As the mere begetters of new life, men think that the world can easily be made

and remade, by a toss of their prowess. But as the bearers of new life, women have their eyes fixed on reality, on what is here and now, what can be relied on to succor and enfold. This women's attention to reality fascinates men, and it often drives them up the wall. Almost every day-to-day irritation of men at women is a complaint against their turning aside to give attention to some reality. This is what lies at the root of the war of the sexes, which is not some trivial engagement, but a profound and unending struggle between two approaches to life. Men fight with women to resist the overwhelming bearing down of reality on our lives, and women fight with men to give moment to the reality whose mystery they perceive more clearly and guard more fiercely.

Men do not need to apologize for the extravagance of their folly; they need to know only that they do not have much wisdom. They are always trying to fix something forever in some form that is not its own. Not content with the reality of the passing moment, they must turn it into centuries or eons. Not content to contemplate, they must be philosophers. Not content to see, they must paint. Not content with love, they must write love poems. "Stay! Thou art so beautiful!" says Faust; and in that, among other things, he was a man. But the complexity of women is that, although they breathe naturally in the fleeting moment, knowing it will pass, they also gaze deeply to find what lasts. They do not have to make the surface stay, which is why on the surface the feminine moves so easily, because the female being in them is in the deepest communion with nature, with the endless cycle enacted in them, knowing what stays there and needs her long nurture.

Of course, I will be accused of (re)mystifying and (re)mysticizing our notion of women. So let it be. But it needs to be said that denying what all ages have found to be mystery in women comes near to denying that there is mystery in life. Take the smile from the face of the Mona Lisa, and you take away the play of sun and shadow in our lives. Try to fix her smile on the face of a man, and you have only a caricature. No male nude is ever smiling. It flies in the face of all the evidence in art and life to deny that men's attitudes to women are infused by an element of reverence. If this reverence has sometimes taken false and constricting forms, that has usually been the result of historical conditions, for which we cannot hold earlier ages to blame. But this does not alter the fact that reverence for the bearer of new life is itself a reality.

Almost all female nudes, even when they are most sensuously forthcoming, have an air of withholding. Even *La baigneuse blonde* of Renoir, as complete a celebration of the physical life as one could ask in paint, holds her gaze on one knows not what. But to turn again to an example that is less classical, one only has to look on Bonnard's paintings of his wife, glimpsed through a bathroom door as she bathes or dries herself,

as absorbed as the *Rokeby Venus* and reflective in a fleeting moment of self-intimacy, to know that in our lives also Venus Naturalis has her inaccessible twin sister.

We may approach the question from a different angle, where again there is a conspiracy of silence. The challenge presented by the gay movement is not that it is homosexual, but that homosexuality is not its essence. We have to ask why it was necessary to wrench the word *gay* from its meaning, and apply it to a movement whose members are not notable for their merriment. The answer is clear if one looks closely at the movement. The proportion of genuine homosexuals in it is small. The majority are women and men who are fleeing the war of the sexes, who will not engage in the complexity which a genuine relationship between the sexes will always ask, who refuse the depth of commitment which is demanded by such an engagement, who will not seriously consider the possibility of placing an unconditional value on one other person in their lives, who turn their backs on both the responsibilities and the mystery of generation which have to be deeply shared. They are not even homosexuals; they use homosexuality as an excuse. Theirs is the ultimate starving of life.

These gays are in fact—paradoxically enough—the feminine and the masculine at large—torn from their roots. There is a corruption at work here, which one must emphasize again has nothing essentially to do with homosexuality—and its source lies where we have been looking. No previous age has had so trivial a conception of our sexuality, has so failed to make clear the radical distinction between the female (and male), feminine (and masculine), womanly (and manly), and cared so little for the ways in which they are related, and can and should inform each other, in turn informing us of things about life which we would not otherwise know. Never has our sexuality been made to look so shallow, so unenchantingly for the taking as nothing but itself at its most common, so empty of the spirit but also so emptying of the flesh, and at the root of it all is the failure of the women's movement, of its sympathizers but no less of the loudest of its critics, to take gravely enough the task of redefinition on which it is irrevocably embarked. It is not women who are being liberated, one cannot say often enough, but only the feminine that is being released.

Men have a task before them: to restore women to some pedestal, even if it is a new one; to bring at least some reverence to their approaches, even if for a time it is awkward to express; to hold the mirror to Venus, so that she may contemplate her secret, while he gazes on it with his unlearned face; to take his stand among his follies, to romance the realist, to write his love poems once more. Then our societies may fall to enjoying themselves again—the worthy to find the worthy, the unworthy only to find themselves.

Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on theater

That Lying Truth

Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship
by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe
translated by Thomas Carlyle
(Dutton: Everyman's Library)

"Apprenticeship" is concise but not exact: *Lehrjahre* literally means "years that teach." Georg Lukács said that the theme of this novel "is the reconciliation of the problematic individual, guided by his lived experience of the ideal, with concrete social reality . . . a reconciliation between interiority and reality . . . sought in hard struggles and dangerous adventures. . . ." The word "apprenticeship" doesn't fully convey "lived experience." And it's also important to note that the hero is called William Master—that's what a German sees when he reads the name, and it ought to be in our minds too when we read this story of a young man seeking various kinds of mastery.

I first read the book when I was a drama student because I had heard that it was about a young man who goes into the theater. (Since then, I've kept in touch with it only through occasional snatches of Thomas's *Mignon*, which is based on the book.) I've now reread it for precisely my original reason and want to discuss it only from that aspect: the theater. Its structure, which combines strategic plan with tactical patchiness; its characterization, which is superficial except for the coquette Philina; the English of this translation—someone once said that Carlyle's style is like hearing a load of coal being delivered next door—all these are not my business. (There are subsequent translations, possibly better but not available in Italy, where I'm writing this.) What fascinates is what Goethe has to say about the theater, its practice and its possibilities.

Goethe wrote a first version, *Wilhelm Meister's Theatrical Mission*, in 1777, when he was 28; a manuscript was discovered early in this century. He published the present book in 1795, four years after he

had been made director of the Court Theater in Weimar. He published a sequel, *Wilhelm Meister's Travels*, 34 years later—a gap that is greater than the one between the two parts of *Faust*.

The *Apprenticeship*, our subject here, begins with the young Wilhelm having an affair with an actress in his home town. It's Germany but we don't know where—there are no place names in the book. He discovers that his beloved is having an affair with another man. Two things are important about this discovery. First, it's accomplished by a device that is theatrical in the most vernacular sense, as if Goethe meant to weave the stuff of popular theater into the texture of his novel about the theater. Second, very much later, Wilhelm learns that he was mistaken about the betrayal: this is one of the many presentations of "fact" that are subsequently shown in other lights, like glimpses backstage to show us the reality behind the appearance.

Disconsolate, Wilhelm goes on a journey to collect debts for his merchant father. In another town he meets a company of actors and eventually joins them. In time he plays nothing less than Hamlet. (Much has been made of Goethe's infatuation with Shakespeare, particularly with *Hamlet*: we often see the quotation about Hamlet as "an oak-tree planted in a costly jar." What is not often noted is that Wilhelm revises the play for his company.) When the novel is about two-thirds through, Wilhelm fairly suddenly leaves the company. The change, like many of the sharp turns in the mazy plot, is thinly motivated. Goethe strategically needs his hero to move on, so tactically he more or less wills it. "On looking back upon the period which I passed in their society," says Wilhelm of the actors, "it seems as if

I looked into an endless void; nothing of it has remained with me." This in a novel from an author who was then running a theater, writing plays, and devising new methods of production!

But before Wilhelm's change of heart, Goethe, through him, sheds some light on what he thought about and experienced in the theater. He gives us veristic details of actors' chat, along with technical details of contemporary stage machinery. He voices what we may have thought a recent opinion that "it was easier to write or represent a tragedy than to attain proficiency in comedy." He asserts the primacy of the actor over production: "A good actor makes us very soon forget the awkwardness and meanness of paltry decorations; but a splendid theater is the very thing which first makes us truly feel the want of proper actors." And more than a century before Stanislavsky wrote, he says that not many actors know

[how] to seize with vivacity what the author's feeling was in writing; what portion of your individual qualities you must cast off in order to do justice to a part; how by your own conviction you are to become another man.

And he pleads with actors for "that internal strength of soul, by which alone deception can be brought about; that lying truth, without which nothing will affect us rightly."

Equally astounding are the ideas about directing that run through the theater episodes. Directing was then hardly a profession in the theater—it

Films Worth Seeing

Close Encounters of the Third Kind. My candidate for the Henry Adams prize. The author of "The Dynamo and the Virgin" would have appreciated it.

Girlfriends. Extraordinarily good—especially since it's a familiar subject: a lone, plain girl trying to get herself together in New York. Skillful and compassionate first feature by Claudia Weill. Cheers!

Go Tell the Spartans. Vietnam in 1964. At last a fiction film that treats the war with at least some truth.

Heaven Can Wait. Warren Beatty, Elaine May, Buck Henry—mod types all—remake *Here Comes Mr. Jordan*, and do it pretty well.

SK

wasn't fully established even in 1824 when Carlyle did the translation, yet he uses the word "director." Some of Goethe's ideas are usually thought to have come into theatrical theory much later. For instance, the use of improvisation in rehearsal. The actors do an extempore play while traveling on a boat, just for fun; then one of the group says, "It should be a custom with every troop of players to practise in this manner." Wilhelm, when he becomes a director, puts forth principles, still fresh in that era, of careful rehearsal and balanced interpretation: "What advances we should make if . . . we ceased to confine our attention to mere learning by heart . . . Can anything be more shocking than to slur over our rehearsal, and in our acting to depend on good luck, or the capricious chance of the moment?" And: "A common error is to form a judgment of a drama from a single part in it . . . not in its connection with the whole."

Goethe doesn't mention Lessing's *Hamburg Dramaturgy*, which had been written almost 30 years before. (Lessing's *Emilia Galotti*, however, is the last play in which Wilhelm appears.) But it seems reasonable to infer that Lessing's central themes were in Goethe's mind: the need for a true and truly German theater, both for its intrinsic benefits and as a unifying, elevating national force. The many references to a feeling of high occasion make an American reader think, despite the fact that Goethe is writing about a comparatively ancient country, of Walt Whitman's call, in *Democratic Vistas*, for a new drama that would fit the new America.

This sense of a new age, new choices, is heightened by the recurrent counterpointing of commerce with the hero's idealistic-spiritual quest. Wilhelm's father is a rich merchant, and Wilhelm's prospective brother-in-law Werner, of whom he is fond, will have a business career. Werner is contrasted throughout to Wilhelm but with no facile mockery, with the feeling that it is a new age for the bourgeoisie as well. "Where then," says Werner early in the story, "will you find more honest acquisitions, juster conquests, than those of trade? . . . May we not embrace with joy the opportunity of levying tax and toll, by our activity, on those commodities which the real or imaginary wants of men have rendered indispensable? I can promise you, if you would rightly apply your poetic view, my goddess might be represented as an

invincible, victorious queen, and boldly opposed to yours." There is never any possibility that Wilhelm will share Werner's (historically important) enthusiasm, yet he starts his journey into the world on a commercial assignment, and when he has to do business, he does it well. In reply to a report of his, Werner writes: "Highly as I thought of thy powers, I did not reckon such attention and diligence among the number. Thy journal shows us with what profit thou art traveling. The description of the iron and copper forges is exquisite; it evinces a complete knowledge of the subject."

The praise is counterproductive. Wilhelm turns his back on this business talent, on a career that his brother-in-law finds inspiring, to become an actor. It has long been in his mind. An earlier passage: "He beheld in himself the embryo of a great actor: the future founder of that national theater for which he heard so much and various sighing on every side."

Eventually this dream fades for him; he must seek a different "reconciliation between interiority and reality." Nevertheless most of the book and its strongest strokes are about the theater. Wilhelm's avowals ring clearer than his disavowals. Even when he later rails against the theater, a friend of his laughs and says, "Do you know, my friend, that you have been describing, not the playhouse but the world. . . ?" The theater has prefigured the world for Wilhelm, has been the chief instrumentality in his "apprenticeship" to life.

But, in this revulsion of Wilhelm's against what had attracted him, Goethe conveys, I think, something other than that the theater is one step in a life's journey. Put Wilhelm's rejection of the theater against the fact that this book is by a man whom Gordon Craig called "in many ways one of the greatest of stage-directors," and we can envision that Goethe is giving us one point in a cycle of feeling about the theater, a still-recurrent cycle. He is very possibly making us privy to the recurring doubts that he himself had to, and did, deal with. On the threshold of the modern age he sees the theater as what, in our culture, it has become: an art so marvelous with promise and so ridden with debasement that disillusion must always attack, but whose attraction persists because, for one reason (as Wilhelm's friend says), it epitomizes the world.

Because the world itself persists, we continue, despite our knowledges, to

Two experts show how the nuclear "solution" became the nuclear problem.

Here, for the first time is the fully documented story of a political and economic debacle of unprecedented proportions: the collapse of public approval for the American-designed "light water" nuclear reactor. Irvin Bupp and Jean-Claude Derian show how this technology gained a virtual world-wide monopoly, why its economic and technological risks were severely underestimated, and what the consequences have been.

LIGHT WATER How the Nuclear Dream Dissolved Irvin C. Bupp & Jean-Claude Derian

"This incisive analysis...can be savored for the quality of the writing, its political acumen, and its perceptions of fundamental forces for change in industrial society."

—Kirkus Reviews

\$10.00 at bookstores, or
direct from the publisher

NEW, SIGNIFICANT.
BASIC
BASIC BOOKS INC.
10 EAST 53RD ST., NEW YORK 10022

hope in the world. Because the theater persists—the world intensified in dream and dross—we continue, despite our knowledges, to hope in the theater. Seeing Theater-Director Goethe in the

act of writing this novel, we can take him to be saying that the theater, with its “lying truth,” is at last no worse than the world; that “lying truth” is better—much better—than none at all.

Michael Ullman on jazz

Newport Week in New York—II

June 28

During the week of the Newport Festival, the New York Shakespeare Festival produced a series of avant-garde jazz events at the Anspacher Theater. After the “Three Pianos and Two Guitars” concert at Carnegie Hall, I went to hear a midnight performance by Sun Ra and his Solar Arkestra at Anspacher. Originally a Chicagoan named Sonny Blount, Sun Ra has been leading a big band at least since the 1950s. He is a rotund, genial looking man whose performances include dance, song and a considerable amount of hokum. He has what one observer called a “Captain Video” approach to philosophy—he wears a silver mesh cap and a large spangled cape emblazoned with suns. When not playing piano or organ, he spends a considerable amount of time in each set walking flatfootedly around the stage, flapping his cape and looking mournful. His band sings about an ancient pharaoh whose people deserted him, while Sun Ra looks plaintively into the audience. We know who that pharaoh was, especially after a few choruses, during which Sun Ra pleads, “Won’t you be my people?” He is, he

says, a member of the angel race, and soars above worldly hates and entanglements.

One is surprised then to learn that from 1948 to 1949 Sun Ra played piano for Fletcher Henderson. Tonight Sun Ra paid tribute to his former employer by recreating such Henderson arrangements as “Little John Special” and “Limehouse Blues” at tremendous speeds while two drummers thumped out the beat on their cymbals. Sun Ra loves Henderson’s works because they reveal “no sadness, no frustrations.” His performances of Henderson’s masterpieces are wacky and exuberant.

June 29

Despite festivals and college dates, jazz performers are still largely dependent on clubs and clubowners. This evening reaffirmed to me the problems of such a dependence. I tried to attend the fourth night of a series organized by the Universal Jazz Coalition and entitled “A Salute to Women in Jazz.” Unfortunately the club in which the celebration was to have been held was padlocked by the police sometime before the festivities were to begin. When I arrived the women had set up a minimally effective sound system on the street and were attempting to carry on.

After almost hearing a couple of numbers by pianist Patti Bown, I walked over to Jimmy Ryan’s where Ruby Braff was playing. This little club has a house band rooted in Dixieland, an aggressive cocktail pianist who spells the band (“what would you like to hear?”), and usually an audience full of people whose favorite song is “Melancholy Baby.” Unfortunately the house band would not adapt to Ruby Braff’s subtle lyricism: twice I saw Braff ask the drummer to lay out for a chorus so that he could play more delicately, accompanied only by Dick Katz’s piano.

June 30

Jack Kleinsinger presented Alberta Hunter, the 83-year-old blues singer, and Eubie Blake, 10 years her senior, in an afternoon concert designed nominally for children. Hunter had already been introduced this week to a Carnegie Hall audience as “the discovery of the year.” Composer of “Down-Hearted Blues,” Hunter had a modest fame in the 1920s, during which she recorded both under her own name and the pseudonym Josephine Beatty. She took up music again in her old age only after having been forced to retire from nursing. She sounds better than ever. Her voice was darktoned and rich on “Memories of You” and on “The Love I Have For You,” a ballad she wrote for a Robert Altman film. She introduced Bessie Smith’s “Nobody Knows You When You’re Down and Out,” saying: “She was once a millionaire, and she died a pauper, because she spent her money foolishly. This will give you some insight into Bessie’s life—not mine.” After this song she gave her only concession to the presence of children: “That’s a little lesson for you ladies and gentlemen—and especially you young folk. If you have a dime, save a nickel—and give your parents a break.” The children loved Hunter anyway. They clapped, laughed and sang along, while on another level the adults enjoyed hearing the blues singer brag about her “two-fisted, double-jointed, rough and ready man.”

Eubie Blake took over with versions of “East Side of New York,” “Good Old Summertime,” and “Take Me Out to the Ballgame” for the children; a version of the Pilgrim’s Chorus from *Tannhauser* for the musicians in the crowd; and an arrangement of “Rhapsody in Blue” for himself, I imagine. This is the type of program one must have heard played by ragtime musicians before jazz. It ended with Eubie banging out “The Stars and Stripes Forever” while the children marched around the theater.

“Chick Corea and Friends” filled Avery Fisher Hall twice this evening. The friends included the Woody Herman band playing Corea’s “Suite for Hot Band”; Gary Burton, adept as usual as a solo vibist and in duets with Corea; and Herbie Hancock, whose voice could barely be distinguished amidst Corea’s 13-piece orchestra. The program varied from Burton’s abstract rendering of “Crystal Silence” to the rocking of the whole band, electric string quartet included, on “Mad Hatter Rhapsody.” The band had just returned from a

MOVING?

Please notify us 6 weeks in advance.

Send your present address label along with your new address to Subscription Service Department, The New Republic, P.O. Box 58, Whitinsville, MA 01588

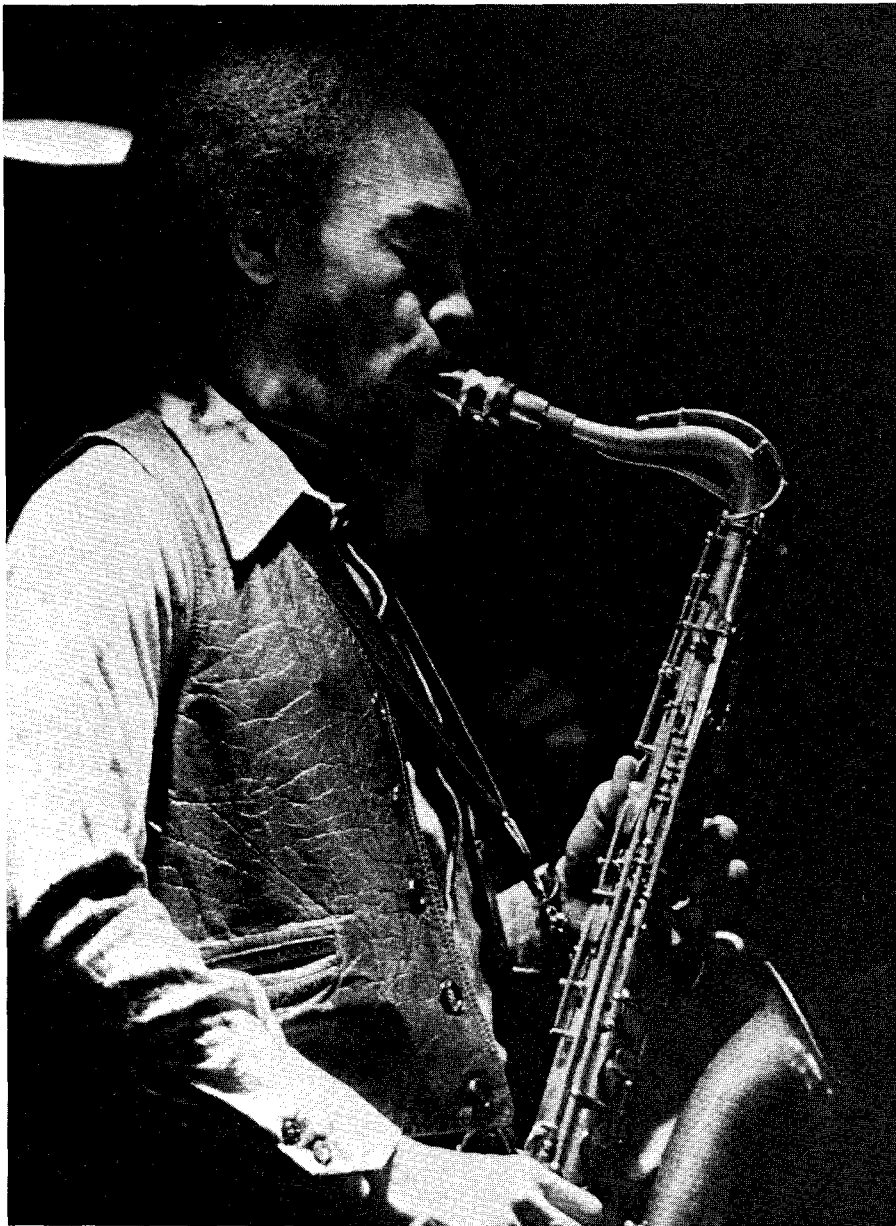
Name _____

New Address _____

Zip _____

Please Print

Attach Label



Sam Rivers by Michael Ullman

European tour, and as vocalist Gayle Moran announced, in a goofy manner reminiscent of any day in the life of Diane Keaton, they were glad to be back: "I mean, we've been in places where they have food and cars and stuff and they didn't fit." The concert reaffirmed Corea's growing reputation as composer and arranger. He once broke up a prominent avant garde group because it wasn't communicating. Surprisingly, he has managed to gain the success he sought while still producing challenging music.

Given at midnight in Carnegie Hall, the Sam Rivers concert was a disappointment. Rivers's most successful recordings have been with small groups, often without a piano. Tonight he played a conservatively arranged suite by Mike Nock, who accompanied on piano and synthesizer. The best part of this performance came when Rivers took up the flute and played some blues

while Ted Dunbar's guitar hiccuped and popped behind him. "Fun," the last segment of the suite, was a failed attempt to achieve something light-hearted, a difficult task at one in the morning. The suite went on too long. After intermission Rivers presented his bottom-heavy big band. There were powerful solos by Rivers, Chico Freeman and Dave Holland, but there was also too much elephantine plodding by the ensemble.

July 1

Lionel Hampton has been in the music business for 50 years now. This fact has been celebrated and reaffirmed at concerts in Europe, at the Boston Globe Jazz Festival, and now in Manhattan. In New York, the Jazz Repertory Orchestra played some arrangements associated with Hampton and some that were not, while Hampton jumped about the stage, danced, twirled his drumsticks (touch-

ing the drums occasionally), sang, and, quite often, played some vibes. He is a marvel of physical fitness and a master of stage trickery. Everything is upbeat with him—he hits a note on the vibes and pulls his hands up fast as if he had burned himself. When he cuts the band off at the end of a piece, he reverses the usual procedure, flicking his hand toward the roof. Tonight Arnett Cobb almost stole the show—as he did in Boston—with "The Nearness of You." His ballads are full of deft phrases, pauses, moans and whispers, leading to an inevitably raucous finale. Lionel Hampton was so busy acknowledging the applause for Cobb's rousing version of "Sunny Side of the Street" that he almost forgot to cut off the band's last chord: by the time his hand finally came up the trumpet section had nearly expired. When not attracting attention to himself in other ways, Hampton played a moving couple of choruses of "Misty," swung some blues with Ray Bryant on piano, and prodded pianist Teddy Wilson to rock more than he customarily does.

Tenor saxophonist David Murray is in his early twenties: he has a discography of 13 albums as a leader, most of which are European issues, and he leads a big band that produced the most joyous, powerful music I heard this week. His band features many of the top musicians associated with the loft scene in New York—Julius Hemphill, Lester Lashley, Grachan Moncur—as well as veteran pianist Jaki Byard and the baritone saxophonist associated for many years with Sun Ra, Pat Patrick. Murray's concert, conducted by Butch Morris, opened with a lively tribute to Sidney Bechet, "Bechet's Bounce." It featured John Catter's spunky clarinet and like all the Murray compositions presented tonight, it was notable for its infectious melody. The evening included some improvised dancing (hampered by limited space) and a long poem read by Amiri Baraka, who attacked throughout his reading "the deadly idiot—compromise." Murray will inevitably be compared to Albert Ayler, who also insisted on melody presented in a "free" context; but Murray's approach, his more limited vibrato, his wit, rhythm, and ability to sidle up to and skirt a melody, make his music less obviously declamatory than Ayler's, and thus more flexible. Murray wrote most of the arrangements for this 15-piece band, and they were as strong, light and pleasing as his own playing. Let us hope this band gets recorded soon.

Is Capitalism Kaput?

The word "capital" goes back to the Latin *caput*, meaning "head." Unfortunately, it is pronounced like a modern German word, *kaput*, which refers to something that is broken and doesn't work anymore. Many people, not all of whom speak German, seem to believe that this accurately describes the condition of modern capitalism, nor do all of them find this prospect displeasing.

Capitalism has never been good at winning popularity contests. It has always had more practitioners than friends. One reason for this is that it is the least theoretical of all modern economic systems. Or, to put it differently, it is a system where the practice comes first and the theory comes second. Theories of capitalism are mostly descriptive: Given the chance, people tend to behave in certain ways, and capitalist theories consist mainly of attempts to analyze the results. This is in sharp contrast to the various theories of socialism, all of which undertake in one degree or another to describe how people ought to behave — and then set out to create an economic system that will oblige them to do it.

When Marx and Engels published the *Communist Manifesto* in 1848, they used a considerable portion of their rather short document to warn the world against the blandishments of (1) reactionary socialism, (2) feudal socialism, (3) petty-bourgeois socialism, (4) German or "true" socialism, (5) conservative or bourgeois socialism, and (6) critical or Utopian socialism.

Socialism had not yet been established in any country; yet there were already at least six false forms of it for Marx and Engels to warn us against. Can anyone name six false forms of capitalism?

Capitalism began, not with a mani-

festo or flag, but as a series of economic and social pressures stretched over a long period. The interconnection of these events was perceived only long after the fact, and few if any of them were popular at the time. Their combined effect was revolutionary, and like all revolutions received a poor welcome from those securely situated in the old society.

Marx and Engels, writing at the inception of communism, gave capitalism great credit for its revolutionary role in history. One passage in their *Manifesto* is especially worth examining:

The bourgeoisie, wherever it has got the upper hand, has put an end to all feudal, patriarchal, idyllic relations. It has pitilessly torn asunder the motley feudal ties that bound man to his "natural superiors" and has left remaining no other nexus between man and man than naked self-interest, than callous "cash payment." It has drowned the most heavenly ecstasies of religious fervor, of chivalrous enthusiasm, of philistine sentimentalism, in the icy water of egotistical calculation. It has resolved personal worth into exchange value, and in place of the numberless indefeasible chartered freedoms, has set up that single, unconscionable freedom — Free Trade.

Since the authors of this statement clearly disapprove of the "motley feudal ties" that capitalism rent asunder, why does not capitalism emerge a hero? The clue is in that one word, *unconscionable*, which means "unrestrained by conscience." Why is Free Trade unconscionable? Because it is, by definition, free — and free means unrestrained. We are in the presence of a tautology, the absurdity of which can be shown by simply calling it Unrestrained Trade instead of Free Trade; thus capitalism is guilty of engaging in unrestrained Unrestrained Trade.

This confusion lies at the heart of the conflict between contemporary economic philosophies. If trade in the sense of commercial activity is never to be totally free, then under what restraints should it be compelled to operate, and who shall impose these restraints and by what authority? If conscience is to be one of the restraints, then the question becomes: whose conscience? The answers that society, knowingly or unknowingly, decides to accept today determine the economic system under which it lives tomorrow. This is a continuous struggle among human beings: All that varies from time to time is the intensity and form of the debate.

Two hundred years ago, Jeremy Bentham and his disciples were struggling to establish the principle of utilitarianism as the only proper guide for a statesman's conscience. For all practical purposes, the Benthamites have long since won their argument; all shades of political opinion now accept—at least publicly—the proposition that the only legitimate goal of public policy is the greatest good for the greatest number of people. What was once a controversial social and political movement has now become virtually axiomatic and is simply not discussed.

This very lack of discussion, however, tends to obscure some fundamental questions. Capital, after all, is nothing but the accumulated savings from labor performed in the past—a point on which Adam Smith and Karl Marx could easily agree. So what we are continually asking is: What is to be done with those accumulated savings, how—and whether—they will be replenished once consumed, and who shall designate the decision-makers?

One solution to that problem is an institution called the marketplace. It first appeared as the *agora* in Greek com-

munities around 700 B.C. In contrast to the towns of ancient Mesopotamia, which had no formal marketplaces, the *agora* was the recognized center of the Greek cities, and it can be persuasively argued that the *agora* was the dynamic behind the seventh century upsurge of the Aegean peoples that led to classical civilization. As one historian puts it, "With a fistful of coins and an eye for the main chance, the individual had arrived in history."

It is doubtful that any marketplace has ever been completely free. The whole body of regulation by which modern societies set limits to the free play of economic self-interest implies the acceptance, either deliberate or unconscious, of moral standards by reference to which certain kinds of economic conduct are pronounced illegitimate. But even the most ardent believer in the proposition that free competition is "unconscionable" might still harbor doubt about whose conscience, exactly, is to supplant the unconscionable—unless, of course, he has become firmly convinced the conscience should be his own.

In the latter event he still has the problem of persuading the rest of us, which really amounts to moving the action from the marketplace to the political arena. The commonweal is sometimes enhanced by this maneuver, and sometimes diminished. History abundantly demonstrates, however, that people tend to pursue their own self-interest as determinedly in one arena as they do in the other, and that wherever they are free to make their opinions felt politically, some form of marketplace survives.

And where it does not, something has been lost far more precious than a theory or system of economics. It is not capitalism that is kaput, but freedom.

CITIBANK  CITICORP

399 Park Avenue
New York, New York 10043

Citibank, N.A. Member FDIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Late Summer—Early Fall Book Listings

Notice to our Readers: Because of the New York newspaper strike, a number of books being published now may be lost to public view. Only so many books can be reviewed by us, or anyone else, and the loss of other media at this juncture will be harmful to those books which just now would be exposed to the light of day. In that spirit, we have requested a number of publishers to advise us in their own words of current books that they think deserve special notice. The appraisal and description are those of the book publishers. **The Editors.**

ACROPOLIS BOOKS LTD.

Writing With Precision

by Jefferson D. Bates \$8.95, \$5.95

Help stamp out Gobbledygook! Read this and avoid costly misunderstanding by learning to write clearly, concisely, and effectively. Includes easy-to-understand exercises, reference handbook and examples.

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE INSTITUTE

The Social Security Retirement Test: Right or Wrong?

by Marshall R. Colberg \$2.95

Detailing several key flaws in the controversial provision that disallows full benefits to persons whose earned income exceeds certain limits, Colberg recommends that it be eliminated.

A Discussion with The Reverend Jesse Jackson

edited transcript \$2.25

Jackson declares the black freedom movement a success but pushes for economic equity and educational parity, rejecting claims of reverse discrimination and criticizing resistance to black progress in labor unions.

ATHENEUM PUBLISHERS

Dominion

by Pamela Ferguson \$10.95

A family-held multinational corporation mobilizes for a courtroom battle when its highly-touted tobacco substitute is revealed to be far more deadly than tobacco itself.

The Last Magic

by N. Richard Nash \$10.95

The death of the Pope triggers new conflicts between conservative and liberal factions within the Roman Catholic Church. A young priest is torn between his mission from Rome and his love affair with a Jewish social worker.

ATLANTIC/LITTLE BROWN

Let Freedom Come: Africa in Modern History

by Basil Davidson \$12.50

A history of Africa in this century from the decay of colonialism to the present that foresees a future revolution from which will emerge purely African institutions.

BASIC BOOKS

The Challenge of the Mahatmas

by Martin Green \$10.95

The author imaginatively probes the lives, teachings, and legacies of Tolstoy and Gandhi, the two men, he says, who have offered the most potent spiritual challenge to that restless expansionist fever which has always been a driving force of Western civilization and which has now run its course.

Progress Without Poverty

by Peter S. Alvin \$13.95

Alvin shows how the growth of the U.S. economy in the 1960s, far from improving the lot of the poor, merely froze the existing class structure by, among other things, undermining the economic viability of the nation's educational system and social and urban services.

BEACON PRESS

The Age of Atrocity: Death in Modern Literature

by Lawrence L. Langer \$12.95

"Langer's skillful orchestration of these novels . . . is itself a work of art . . . his readings of Mann, Camus, Solzhenitsyn and Delbo are astute both as literary criticism and psychohistory."—*Washington Post*

The North Will Rise Again: Pension, Politics, and Power in the 1980s

by Jeremy Rifkin and Randy Barber \$10.95, \$4.95

Pension fund investors control the future of the U.S. economy. Who are they? Who should they be? "Forceful and provocative"—*Publishers Weekly*. "A highly readable presentation of a controversial thesis"—*Kirkus*

BOBBS-MERRILL

The Suicide's Wife

by David Madden \$8.95

A novel about the widow of a professor who has inexplicably committed suicide. Her identity is "the suicide's wife," and the book tells how she extricates herself from the confines of this label.

GEORGE BRAZILLER, INC.

Montaillou: The Promised Land of Error

by Emmanuel LeRoy Ladurie \$20.00

"This is the best kind of historical scholarship. It is a Chaucerian gallery of vivid medieval persons. No wonder it has been a bestseller in France."—Hugh Trevor-Roper, (London) *Sunday Times*

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

Endurance of Life: The Implications of Genetics for Human Life

by Sir Macfarlane Burnet \$16.95

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

The Natural History of the Whale

by L. Harrison Matthews \$19.95

Dispelling widely-held falsehoods, this is the most complete view yet of the world's largest creatures. Many drawings and photographs illustrate the behavior and physiology of the awe-inspiring animals facing extinction.

COWARD McCANN & GEOGHEGAN

The Scourge

by Thomas L. Dunne \$9.95

This novel is a medical suspense that explores the terrifying possibility of a cancer plague and the catastrophic reaction of a nation under siege.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL

The Lonely Lady of San Clemente:

The Life of Pat Nixon

by Lester David \$9.95

An intimate profile of Pat Nixon, the archetype of the devoted political wife, from courtship to life in the White House and finally her present existence as the wife of one of the most humiliated political leaders in American history.

The Mellons

by David E. Koskoff \$14.50

Now in its third printing, David E. Koskoff's detailed examination of an American dynasty of power and wealth is powerful reading.

DELACORTE PRESS / SEYMOUR LAWRENCE

A Good School

by Richard Yates \$8.95

Richard Yates's new novel traces the decline of an unconventional New England prep school during the first three years of the second World War. *A Good School* will be published on August 31 and is a Book-Of-The-Month Club special alternate.

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

The Healing Sea: A Voyage into the Alien World Offshore

by Dr. George D. Ruggieri, S.J. and Norman David Rosenberg \$7.95

Marine biologist Dr. Ruggieri and writer Norman David Rosenberg explore the mysterious sea, revealing its immense con-

tribution to the understanding of the nature of man, his health and well-being.

DOUBLEDAY & CO., INC.

America Revisited: 150 Years After de Tocqueville by Eugene McCarthy \$7.95

Almost a century and a half after Alexis de Tocqueville visited the U.S. and wrote his classic, *Democracy in America*, Eugene McCarthy has set out to discover what's left of Tocqueville's America.

America for Sale by Kenneth C. Crowe \$10.00

In this sobering and eye-opening book, Pulitzer Prize winner Kenneth Crowe deciphers the complicated international wheeling and dealing that is totally transforming the American economy. A look at the American economy, the shift in the wealth of nations and the balance of power taking place today.

The Ozone War by Lydia Dotto and Harold Schiff \$10.00

In this book a scientist and reporter tell the story of the ozone controversy from aerosols to the SST, and raise many questions about the future of decision-making in the environmental and public safety areas.

E.P. DUTTON

Max Perkins—Editor of Genius by A. Scott Berg \$15.00

The first biography of the legendary but heretofore little-known editor of Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Wolfe and many others. "An extraordinarily fine and moving portrait."—Russell Baker. Photographs.

The World According to Garp by John Irving \$10.95

The widely acclaimed national bestseller that Terrence Des Pres in *The New Republic* heralded as "a work of vast talent, brilliant, funny, and consistently wise . . . nothing in contemporary fiction matches it."

FARRAR, STRAUS & GIROUX

Avedon Photographs 1947-1977 by Richard Avedon with an essay by Harold Brodkey \$50.00

This book, published concurrently with the opening of a historic retrospective show at the Metropolitan Museum, documents Richard Avedon's innovative, exciting mastery of international fashion photography.

Miss Rhode Island by Norman Kotker \$8.95

A novel about a Wellesley girl who finds herself, to her surprise, winning in a beauty pageant and going on to a forthcoming Miss America contest. The book explores the themes of superficial appearance, competition and the relationship of men and women.

FREE PRESS

The Crime and Punishment of I.G. Farben by Joseph Borkin \$10.95

An explosive account of corporate greed and degradation that traces the history of I.G. Farben including its "marriage of necessity" with Hitler, its economic maneuverings and the building of its privately-owned concentration camps.

HARPER & ROW

Leadership by James MacGregor Burns \$15.00

A distinguished political scientist and Pulitzer Prize winner examines world history to find out what traits make great leaders.

In Search of History by Theodore H. White \$12.95

The New York Times calls Theodore H. White's *In Search of History* "by far his finest, most affecting work." A personal history of our times.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

The Japanese by Edwin O. Reischauer \$5.95

A portrait of the background, culture and values of a country that may well play a unique role in solving the problems of the 21st Century.

Child Abuse by Ruth and C. Henry Kemp \$3.95

Two pioneering investigators report on results of their innovative work, offer guidelines for treatment and, most important, explain how to identify high-risk parents before they harm their children.

HOLT, RINEHART & WINSTON

Downriver by Peter Collier \$9.95

Collier's first novel is the story of a family, their continuity, their love, their struggle to overcome their alienation from each other and from life itself.

Wolfsbane by Craig Thomas \$8.95

The author of the best-selling novel, *Firefox*, has now written a novel in the John LeCarre tradition—a gripping story of international intrigue and personal revenge.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY PRESS

The Grim Phoenix: Reconstructing Thomas Pynchon by William M. Plater \$12.50

The first major scholarly assessment of an important American writer. Plater traces the influences on Pynchon's thought—Henry Adams, Wittgenstein, Nabokov—and discerns a thematic pattern in his seemingly random peripatetics.

THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY PRESS

Shakespeare and the Popular Tradition by Robert Weimann \$16.95

The author examines such traditions as mime, folk drama, mumming and rural Robin Hood plays to show their effect upon Shakespearean drama.

KNOFF

Continental Drift by James D. Houston \$8.95

In the beautiful countryside on the edge of the San Andreas Fault a series of bizarre murders, a family drama, a stunning meditation on the California life.

Adjacent Lives by Ellen Schwamm \$7.95

This is the debut of a young novelist. In a contemporary New York setting, an affair between two married people is seen as a vivid thread in their vital and intelligent lives.

J.B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

The Plumbat Affair by Elaine Davenport, Paul Eddy and Peter Gillman \$8.95

The story of how the Israeli Secret Service designed and carried out a major diversion of a uranium shipment—enough for 20 nuclear bombs—to Israel.

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY

Willowood by Elizabeth Savage \$7.95

A novel about Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Elizabeth Siddal. "A gem . . . it's impossible to imagine a more enthralling story." Carlos Baker

Dame Edith Evans: Ned's girl by Bryan Forbes \$10.95

A full-scale biography of the immortal English actress. "A cornucopia for aspiring actors." *The New York Times Book Review*

MACMILLAN

Stryker by Chuck Scarborough \$8.95

NBC-TV news correspondent Scarborough combines an intriguing blend of fact and fiction in a story of network and government conflict set against the real news events of Nixon's reelection campaign.

I've Done So Well—Why Do I Feel So Bad?

by Celia M. Halas and Roberta Matteson \$10.95

To be born female in this culture is to be trapped in a no-win situation. The authors show that the reasons for women's psychological problems are the "conflicting messages of socialization."

METHUEN

Hubert H. Humphrey: The Man and His Dream by Sheldon D. Engelmayr and Robert J. Wagman \$12.95

The first biographical work on Hubert Humphrey since his death includes an original introduction by Senator Muriel Humphrey as well as tributes by President Carter and Vice President Mondale.

M.I.T. PRESS

Science, Sin and Scholarship: The Politics of Reverend Moon and the Unification Church.

Edited by Irving Louis
Horowitz \$12.50

This book brings together essays and documents on the theory, theology, metaphysics and politics of Rev. Moon, including the activities of the Korean C.I.A in the U.S., the Korean lobby and Moon's pro-Seoul activities.

MORROW

Spooks: The Haunting of America— Private Use of Secret Agents by Jim Hougan \$12.95

The use of secret agents by private groups and individuals, ranging from corporations (AT&T, McDonald's, IBM) to individuals (J. Paul Getty, Howard Hughes), is detailed from the beginnings of the American intelligence agencies in the late 1940s through the present day.

NEW REPUBLIC BOOKS

I Don't Want To Be Brave Anymore by Ruth Turkow Kaminska \$10.95

Like *The Gulag Archipelago* and *Alexander Dolgun's Story*, this is an odyssey of exile and survival in Siberia, told by the daughter of world-famous Yiddish actress, Ida Kaminska. The author escaped from Poland into Russia in 1939, first enjoying the opulence and luxuries accorded an acclaimed performer, then subjected to degradation and imprisonment as one of Stalin's victims in the Gulag.

NORTON

Overcoming Math Anxiety by Sheila Tobias \$10.95

This book explores the reasons, results and cures—through demystification and problem practise—of the fear of figuring that afflicts much of the population, male and female alike.

To Kill the Devil: The Attempts on the Life of Adolf Hitler

by Herbert Molloy Mason, Jr. \$9.95

An account of the few who tried, by their own hands, to change the course of history by assassinating Hitler. Here is the story of what drove them on and the minute-by-minute description of how they stalked the world's biggest game.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

Germany 1866-1945 by Gordon A. Craig \$19.95

Part of the acclaimed *Oxford History of Modern Europe* series, this history examines the unique cultural, intellectual, and political forces that plunged Germany into two World Wars and brought about Hitler's rise to power.

Seven Days a Week: Women & Domestic Service in Industrializing America

by David M. Katzman \$14.95

Drawing extensively upon the ratings of domestics and contemporary interviews, Katzman delivers a portrait of domestic service from the Civil War through the 1920s. 17 Halftones.

Woman of Letters: A Life of Virginia Woolf by Phyllis Rose \$12.95

Overcoming the usual emphasis on Woolf's suicide and madness and her image as an isolated technician, this interpretive biography is "a rich tapestry of critical ideas and sensible psychological judgement."—*Kirkus*

PANTHEON

The Pacific War by Saburo Ienaga \$10.00

"No one can really understand contemporary Japan and its policies unless he is acquainted with the grim story Saburo Ienaga presents." Drew Middleton, *New York Times Book Review*

The British Experience 1945-1975 by Peter Calvocoressi \$8.95

"In Peter Calvocoressi's brisk, informative survey of post war Britain, he gives a fair degree of encouragement to those who have disbelieved both the pundits crying doom in each new political crisis and the smiling mythologist who would foster the illusion of a country where all, essentially, is timeless, changeless, and ever so quaint." Peter Stansky, *New York Times Book Review*

PAULIST PRESS

Womanpriest: A Personal Odyssey by Alla Bozarth Campbell \$9.95

This is a first-person account of Alla Campbell's life and work, leading to her ordination as the first woman priest in the Episcopal church in 1974.

Joy in Parenting by Jo Schlehofer \$3.95

This is a how-to book for parents and children, dealing with exercises and observations on raising children. It focuses on such issues as sibling rivalry, emotion, sexuality and value formation from pre-school to adolescence.

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS

Mindscreen—Bergman, Godard and First-Person Film by Bruce F. Kawin \$15.50-\$4.95

A look at films as a self-conscious form of story telling. Kawin's close readings of works as old as *The Life of an American Fireman* (1903) to those as recent as *Providence* (1977) are perceptive and convincing.

Technology and Society under Lenin and Stalin

Origins of the Soviet Technical
Intelligentsia 1941-1970
by Kendall E. Bailes
\$30.00-\$12.50

The social history of the group from which top Soviet leaders (Brezhnev, Kosygin,

Podgorny) and leading dissenters (Sakharov, Solzhenitsyn, Grigorenko) have emerged.

PUTNAM

The Snake by John Godie \$8.95

By the best-selling author of *The Taking of Pelham 1-2-3*, here is the book about the world's deadliest snake, a black mamba, which stalks the paths, meadows and underbrush of New York's Central Park.

The Glendower Legacy by Thomas Gifford \$10.00

This is a thriller in which men and events, 200 years old, brood over the present while the fate of a Harvard professor hangs in the balance.

RANDOM HOUSE

Three By Box: The Collected Mysteries of Edgar Box \$12.95

Originally published in the early 1950s, these forerunners of the "mod and sex" thrillers received critical acclaim long before it was revealed that Edgar Box was a pseudonym for Gore Vidal.

The Assassination of Robert F. Kennedy by Jonn Christian and William Turner \$12.95

A look at the cover-up of the leads to information behind R.F.K.'s assassination—leads suggesting that Sirhan may not have acted alone.

RIZZOLI INTERNATIONAL PUBLICATIONS, INC.

Ezra Pound in Italy compiled by Gianfranco Ivancich \$27.50

Evocative photographs of Ezra Pound in the Italian towns that inspired his *Pisan Cantos* with excerpts from his poetry reproduced in facsimile of his handwriting—60 photos.

SCRIBNER'S

An Amateur Corpse by Simon Brett \$7.95

"An event for mystery fans," says P.D. James of Brett's fourth mystery. "Brett and . . . actor-sleuth Charles Paris, an irrepressible duo, returned for another captivating behind-the-scenes performance." *Publishers Weekly*

SEABURY PRESS

Critical Theory of the Family by Mark Poster \$14.50

A rigorous critique of theories of the family from Marx to Freud to Erickson *et al.* which provides the framework for a more workable theory. Poster's aim is to redefine family structure not in terms of size, economic functions or political orientation but in terms of emotional patterns that would adequately account for changes in the structure of the family itself than for the psychic organization of the children it produces.

SCHOCKEN

The Jewish Return into History: Reflections in the age of Auschwitz and a new Jerusalem

by Emil L. Fackenheim \$14.95

This important Jewish thinker asserts that two major historical events of our age, the Holocaust and the establishment of the State of Israel, must form the historical and religious framework for the contemporary Jew.

Being and Loving

by Althea Horner \$9.95

Dr. Althea Horner looks at the conflict faced by so many people today: how to maintain a sense of self while achieving intimacy with another person.

SIMON & SCHUSTER

A Death of One's Own

by Gerda Lerner \$10.00

The chronicle of a couple's struggle to come to terms with a husband's impending death. "A book that heartens and breaks the heart at the same time."—*New York Times Book Review*

Homosexualities

by Alan Bell & Martin Weinberg
\$12.95

Not since the 1948 and 1953 Kinsey Reports has there been a more explicit sexual study than the Institute for Sex Research's Report on homosexuality, based on face-to-face interviews with over 1,500 persons.

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Nutrition

by David Reuben \$9.95

Dr. Reuben brings his knowledge to the subject Americans constantly debate: what should you eat? Dr. Reuben writes, "you have been tricked into liking a breakfast of artificial-imitation-synthetic orange drink . . . white bread . . . butter . . . jam . . . coffee . . . cream . . . You gulp artificial-imitation-synthetic vitamin pills covered with saccharin and artificial . . . color."

STANFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

Universals of Human Language

edited by Joseph H. Greenberg
Associate Editors: Charles A. Ferguson
& Edith A. Moravcsik

Volume I—Method & Theory \$15.00

Volume II—Phonology \$25.00

Volume III—Word Structure \$25.00

Volume IV—Syntax \$25.00

A four-volume synthesis of all aspects of current inquiry into the subject of language universals—those properties found to recur consistently across past and present languages.

STEIN AND DAY

Tara Kane

by George Markstein \$9.95

A fictional saga of the Yukon during the great goldrush with overtones reminiscent of *Gone*

With the Wind. Its central character is a woman named Tara Kane, who learns to be self-reliant during adventures and a star-crossed love affair. By the author of *The Cooler*.

The Assisi Underground:

The Priest Who Rescued Jews

by Alexander Ramati \$8.95

In the Italian town of Assisi during World War II, 300 Jews were sheltered and protected by a peasant-turned-priest, Padre Rufino Niccacci. Not a single refugee was captured. No one who participated in this operation ever betrayed it. "The tribute to the generosity, pity, and daring of those [people] is deeply moving and long overdue."—Irwin Shaw.

ST. MARTIN'S PRESS

Jack's Book: An Oral Biography of Jack Kerouac

by Barry Gifford and Lawrence
Lee \$10.95

The authors, one a poet and the other a journalist, retraced Kerouac's *On The Road* and interviewed many of the literary lights associated with him during the 1950s, including Allen Ginsberg, Gore Vidal and Lawrence Ferlinghetti.

The Far Pavilions

by M. M. Kaye \$12.95

This is a 955-page novel about turn of the century England. It is the account, based on truth, of an Englishman raised as a Hindu near the Himalayan mountains, yet rejected by both the Hindus and the British.

TIMES BOOKS

Hitler's Last Weapons

by Josef Garlinski \$10.00

The war within a war between the German scientist working on V1 and V2 rocket program and the underground movements of Europe pledged to destroy it during World War II.

Sigmet Active

Thomas Page \$7.95

A suspense novel concerning a deadly electrical storm following the testing of an extraordinarily powerful laser, and one man's race to save himself.

U OF CALIFORNIA

The Illustrated Pepys

compiled with an introduction

by Robert Latham \$15.95

No more compelling account of life in restoration England exists than Samuel Pepys' unique diary. *The Illustrated Pepys* is a selection from the complete diary, illustrated to enhance the narrative.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

The Giant Jigsaw Puzzle

Democratic Committee Assignments
in the Modern House

by Kenneth A. Shepsle \$30.00

Working from sophisticated data covering 1958 to 1974, Shepsle articulates a theory of congressional behavior that addresses the question of who gets which committee assignments, how, and why.

In a Moment of Enthusiasm: Political Power and the Second Stratum in Egypt

by Leonard Binder \$22.50

Binder establishes the crucial social and political role of the Egyptian rural middle class in the 20th century and empirically describes its size and power.

Source Book on the Environment:

A Guide to the Literature

edited by Kenneth A. Hammond,
George Macinko and Wilma B.
Fairchild \$20.00

This much-needed, objective and comprehensive guide to environmental studies features annotated commentaries by specialists on a variety of crucial issues, ranging from resource scarcities to the environmental impact of urbanization.

VIKING PRESS

The Snow Leopard

by Peter Matthiessen \$12.95

The Snow Leopard chronicles both an extraordinary field expedition and Matthiessen's spiritual pilgrimage in the mountains of Nepal. Initially a scientific journey, it blossomed into an exploration of the mysteries of Zen Buddhism.

In the Village of the Man

by Loyd Little \$8.95

A new novel by the winner of the Ernest Hemingway award. A bewitching, wise (and often very funny) adventure tale of an ancient Southeast Asian tribe and an unwitting CIA agent they subtly absorb.

Cat on a Leash

by Elizabeth Gundy \$9.95

Explores the intricacies and final affirmation of one woman's journey through her own suddenly disintegrated marriage to acceptance of her unsolicited freedom.

JOHN WILEY & SONS, INC.

The Art of Problem Solving

by Russel L. Ackoff \$13.95

"The possible is seldom enough to solve the important problems," so Ackoff teaches creative mold-breaking approaches to solving problems in management and planning. Provocative real-life examples illustrate creative solutions.

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

The Horse of Pride:

Life in a Breton Village

by Pierre-Jakez Helias \$15.00

This translation of a beautifully written French bestseller recreates, in marvelous detail, life in a Breton village between the two World Wars. "A wise, magical memoir."—*Publishers Weekly*. (Illustrated.)

Books Considered

Inventing America: Jefferson's Declaration of Independence by Garry Wills

(Doubleday, \$10.00)

Garry Wills is an investigative reporter uncovering a conspiracy to distort the *Declaration of Independence*. A self-serving liberal myth has been devised by historians and politicians, especially Lincoln, to misrepresent the sources of America's character. At the core of this deception is the notion that John Locke deeply influenced Jefferson's great document. Since Wills is prosecuting charlatans rather than arguing with fellow-scholars he uses evidence selectively to score points, and his tone is generally sly and snide. The outcome is terrible intellectual history, but oddly a convincing picture of Jefferson does emerge. We are still without a really good book on the *Declaration*. Why should anyone try to excise Locke from America's revolutionary rhetoric? Was he not "the great Mr. Locke," widely admired, quoted, misquoted, and paraphrased, more or less correctly? No one denies it, not even Wills. What is claimed is that his influence has been overrated to the exclusion of other, far less individualistic ideologies. New England Whigs were still mired in the political pieties of the pre-Lockean age of Cromwell. And Jefferson, according to Wills, had already gone far beyond him to the French and Scottish Enlightenment, where he found more communitarian, fraternal and emotionally warmer doctrines. Locke was to become the evil genius of the harsh and calculating liberalism of the 19th and 20th centuries but our spiritual origins were less bleak. To reach these conclusions Wills begins with some very peculiar assumptions. He seems to think that intellectual influences are much like mechanical causes; if one cannot demonstrate direct impact they do not exist. Few people in America owned copies of Locke's *Second Treatise* before 1760, so how could he have moved them to revolution? Unless there are many direct and exact quotes or namings there can be no link, in Locke's case, at least. Words with technical meanings, according to Wills, cannot also be used casually. "Necessary" and "course" were part of the scientific vocabulary of

Jefferson's day and, as such, remote from Locke. Jefferson did, of course, belong to the latest scientific culture, with its mechanistic foibles and passion for premature mathematization, but the relevance of this obvious circumstance for a political statement such as the *Declaration* is not at all clear and surely not to be asserted dogmatically. Finally, because we know little of Jefferson's early development, Wills relies on statements made decades after the composition of the *Declaration* to illuminate it. This is a pseudo-close reading of a text.

Wills begins with the *Declaration* as an itemized list of complaints and ac-

cusations. As such it had many predecessors, for these were traditional Lockean rebels. The romance of revolution was still unknown. Rebellion was justified only against tyrannical rulers who had forfeited the people's trust and failed to abide by a contract, and only by a majority of long-suffering citizens who had exhausted other means. That is why some Tories could accuse the Whigs of being an un-Lockean, unrepresentative clique. In fact, many revolutionary pamphleteers regularly referred to Britain as a parent and found it difficult to face a complete break. One of the deletions Congress made from Jefferson's original draft, a move he considered pusillanimous, called for a severing of all bonds with the people, not just the government, of Britain. There was hope that friendly Englishmen might once more bring pressure to bear on Parliament and patch things up. Jefferson was, in fact, just as Lockean as anyone else in his solitary fancy that the colonies had freely entered into a contract with the king, which they could renounce if and when he failed to meet



Thomas Jefferson (1804) by Charles Feveret de Saint-Mémin

Worcester Art Museum

its conditions. It made him more ready to face independence. However, when he spoke of "agonizing affection" he was not far from the sensibility of those who were less daring. All were "men of feeling"; tears were "in." This was not Locke's crisp and wry prose, but slow or hasty, their contractarian politics were still his. Another deleted passage accused the king of refusing to halt the slave trade. Here Locke was not involved at all. He had defended conditional, not chattel, slavery, on international law grounds. Jefferson thought all slavery unjust, but he was more loyal to his neighbors than to his principles. He was also a racist. We need not be censorious, but it is troubling that he could "tremble" for his country's fatal flaw and yet maintain a sunny and optimistic outlook in which evil had no place at all. Wills's apology for Jefferson's airy deportation schemes, which gave the blacks their rights as "a people," but not, of course, as "men," who were individuals, is condescending and pointless.

Wills makes much of those "bonds" that once had tied the colonists to the "unfeeling" English. They are meant to show Jefferson's debt to Hutcheson and Reid, two luminaries of the Scottish Enlightenment. It is from them that he derived a post-Lockean belief in man's natural sociability. Reid's "common sense" did stress all the qualities men share. However, the unity of mankind has nothing to do with the local coziness of the current term "community." And the leap from self-preservation to the duty to preserve mankind is central to Locke. To be sure, Locke deplored our inability to "bear up" under the censure of our "own club." Sociability was a source of superstition and intellectual passivity. His radical disciples, Hutcheson, Paine and Jefferson saw it as a positive inclination that made active revolution seem almost easy, since society would survive. Thus Locke's distinction between government and society was especially crucial for them. Although the *Declaration* is about civil society and government Wills seems hardly aware of them, and he never discusses those chapters of Hutcheson's *System of Moral Philosophy* devoted to these topics. They are wholly Lockean. Civil society is based on consent and government on a contract. "The consent of the governed" receives only scant attention in this book, but it was not trivial for Hutcheson or Jefferson. Yet Wills remembers that Jefferson thought Locke "perfect" as a theorist, though not helpful in practical politics. Since the

Declaration is a statement of political belief why should it not bear traces of a deeply admired philosopher?

An influence is not a static orthodoxy, but an evolving affinity. Locke's disciples followed him as he would have wished, not by slavish imitation, but by expansion. When Paine first, and then Jefferson and Condorcet, argued that no generation owes anything to another, they were exposing the logic of "the consent of the governed," who are the majority here and now. That took Locke's dynamic theory of consent beyond his own "tacit" stopping point, to create difficulties for political obligation ever since. Wills sidesteps that to dwell on Jefferson's much later effort to calculate the exact duration of generational contracts. Again when in a departure from Locke's natural right to life, liberty and estate, Jefferson replaced the last with "the pursuit of happiness," he was not really rejecting his master. Like Hutcheson he depended entirely on Locke's psychology. Locke had argued that we are naturally driven to alleviate any "uneasiness." Jefferson saw this as a "pursuit of happiness" and a right just because it was something we inherently could not help. He took religious belief to be like that also, and thus added a new argument to the basic Lockean case for toleration. To say that there was nothing "vague" or "private" about this happiness is misleading. It was an individually sought and defined experience, public only in Hutcheson's bland faith in the harmony of one's own and society's happiness. That hope cannot be shored up by comparing it to the romantic nonsense of another day. The change from "estate" to "the pursuit of happiness" was significant. Hutcheson and Franklin had said that the right to property was derived from society, not from nature, but for egalitarian political reasons, not the economic ones Wills imputes to them.

If Wills has not noticed that the *Declaration* is about politics, it may well be due to his very real understanding of its author at a deeper level. Jefferson was an eclectic in Diderot's sense, tolerant, restless, a collector rather than a creator. Politics was at best only one of his hobbies. Many years after the revolution he wrote to John Adams to thank the latter for a book, but declined to read it, for "it is about politics, a subject I never loved and now hate." That is a shattering remark from a man who spent most of his adult life in public office. Political ideas bored him, while science, education and architecture

Challenge your students with THE NEW REPUBLIC in your classroom!



Special low rate!

The New Republic, America's leading journal of politics and the arts, makes ideal supplementary reading and discussion material for history, literature, government, international relations, economics.

You may order for any period from a single week to a whole semester or school year. Your copies will arrive each week—before the issue appears on the newsstands.

- **Student's Copies:** Only 35¢ each, for 10 or more mailed to the same address.
- **Instructors' Copies:** No charge.

Please mount this coupon on your school letterhead—or use your own official order form.

(Minimum order—10 copies.)

THE NEW REPUBLIC

Attn: Circulation Manager
1220 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

Please supply The New Republic at your special classroom rate, as indicated:

_____ student copies weekly @ 35¢.

_____ instructor copies weekly, no charge.

From _____ to _____
(date) (date)

Name _____

School _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____

☐ Payment enclosed: \$ _____ ☐ Bill me.

claimed his intellectual passion. That is why he told David Rittenhouse to get out of Pennsylvania politics and back to his observatory. Palladio spoke to him more urgently than Locke or any other political theorist and Monticello is the best reflection of his mind. It was that of an aesthete, not just as a lover of beauty in nature and in art, but as disinterested spectator. He even watched himself fight for his ambitions and policies. That

allowed him habitually to say one thing and to do another, and to get away with it. Remoteness is, however, not enough to accomplish all that. As Wills reminds us he was, above all else, an immensely likable man.

Judith N. Shklar

Judith N. Shklar's most recent book is *Freedom and Independence* (Cambridge).

The Wizard War

by R. V. Jones

(Coward, McCann and Geoghegan; \$14.95)

At the outbreak of the Second World War, Reginald Jones was a scientific officer on the staff of the British Air Ministry, aged 27. His youth—and even more his post—made it inherently unlikely that he would play any major role in the winning of the war. To an extent which Americans, with their respect for learning and impatience with bureaucratic and social class distinctions would find difficult to comprehend or tolerate, the scientific class of the British Civil Service occupied a low place on the totem pole of national government. "Scientists," in the judgment of Churchill, whose view was more liberal than most, "should be on tap, not on top," and lesser men indeed acted as if the role of government scientists was to answer the questions they were asked and at other times to hold their tongues. This was the situation even in those ministries that most needed the best scientific advice they could get, the service ministries. Power there was in any case disputed three ways, between the politicians, the career bureaucrats and the service officers. The last two groups were, as a result, all the more unwilling to share what each had with a fourth group, which moreover was only doubtfully composed of gentlemen.

It seems unlikely that Reginald Jones has ever wasted a moment's mental or emotional energy wondering whether he was technically a gentleman or not. He had the good fortune to be born into a warm and vigorous family, run by remarkable parents—a mother who combined affection for her children with unsentimental academic ambitions for

their future, a father who had risen to the rank of sergeant in the Grenadier Guards and brought from the regiment its tradition of "discipline, precision, service, endurance and good temper." Their upbringing and Reginald's own talents harvested for him the best of the meager educational opportunities then open to English working-class children, which, in those highly meritocratic times, paradoxically ensured him the best education that money could have bought: entry to an Oxford college, where he got a First in Physics in 1932, a doctoral studentship at the Clarendon Laboratory and then a research studentship at Balliol.

That studentship was in astronomy, and was the opening to what would certainly have been a glittering academic career. Instead, a series of accidents directed the astronomer into aircraft detection techniques and eventually into the employment of the one agency with a real interest in the subject. Astronomy and the academic career were laid aside, not without misgivings, and R.V. Jones became a scientific civil servant. The outbreak of war brought him a growing flood of vitally important material on which to work. In the first months, this work largely served to make his life interesting and give it point. Then, quite suddenly, in the middle of 1940, it made him literally overnight one of the most important men in England. The Cabinet in general and Churchill in particular awoke to the fact that the Germans had developed electronic means of ensuring accurate bombing of British cities even by night. Jones, as the man most

immediately concerned with the scientific intelligence, was summoned to give evidence at a Cabinet meeting. He was able to detect, during the discussion that preceded his being called upon to speak, not only that he knew more about the subject than anyone else in the room, (including the Chiefs of the Air Staff, Bomber Command and Fighter Command, Cherwell, Churchill's scientific adviser, Watson-Watt, the inventor of radar, and Tizard, chief scientist to the Air Ministry), but that he understood what he knew, and could suggest effective countermeasures. He instantly became, as Churchill ever after stridently hailed him, 'the Man Who Broke the Beams' and a figure of steadily increasing significance in the direction of the war.

The Germans were quick to detect the countermeasures that Jones organized, and to modulate their electronic techniques. But because Jones understood the fundamental principles on which they worked, was able to establish a sort of empathy with the opposing scientists and possessed a Holmesian appreciation for the significance of vital bits of evidence, however small, he was rarely wrongfooted by their innovations. It was more difficult—the complaint is that entered by all intelligence officers—to get his warnings accepted, and to see that the evidence he advanced in corroboration was collated with that from other sources. As a result, the Germans were sometimes able to hit targets such as Coventry, from which they should have been deflected.

During 1941 the tide of the war turned, and Jones was increasingly asked to devise means of overcoming German interference with British guidance techniques and of jamming or disorganizing the German radar defenses. Some of his most interesting and enthusiastic comments, in a book that vibrates with enthusiasm, are on German radar engineering. Though less adaptable than British machinery, the German apparatus was of a precision that British engineers could almost never match. It became a matter of pride, nonetheless, to determine its characteristics from non-tangible sources, in which he was almost always successful. But his awareness of the very high quality of German craftsmanship stood him in good stead when, during 1943, he became involved in the intelligence argument over whether or not the enemy was developing pilotless bombardment weapons. Here, as in the debate over German

navigational electronics in 1940, he was usually proved to be better able to establish characteristics than other British experts who based their estimates on domestic criteria.

Professor Jones never disguises the fact that, though his first thought was always for the defense of the realm, he enjoyed an argument for its own sake; and a great deal of the pleasure of the book lies in the skill with which he reconstructs the form these arguments took, with opponents as scientifically weighty as Cherwell, whose protege he was, or as politically influential as Duncan Sandys, Churchill's son-in-law. But he also manages to convey that arguments with him were fair fights, in which there was enjoyment to be won by the other side, if they would take it. What, indeed, makes this book remarkable is the portrait of Jones which emerges from it; a man with enormous capacity for finding fun in life, good in others and satisfaction in intellectual endeavor, individual and collective. He is not a narrow scientist. He is as ready to quote from Homer as from Heisenberg, draws inspiration for his work from Kipling and Macaulay, relaxes by

teaching himself to shoot running hares offhand with a small bore pistol, and laughs at himself for knowing that that is not what his feudal host understands shooting to be.

But above all he is a patriot. He begins the book by saying that it is about the rise of Scientific Intelligence, and so in a sense it is. But, whether he intended it or not, it is really the portrait of a man with a burning belief in the greatness of his own country, and the rightness of its cause and a determination to flinch from nothing which might bring it victory. He shows a certainty of purpose matched only by his fellow scientists, Cherwell and Barnes Wallis, and non-scientists in the intellectual community may well wish to speculate why this should be. They will certainly not fail to envy his literary skill and command of English, which carry the reader in a breathless swoop from one end to the other of this enormous and marvelous book.

John Keegan

John Keegan, who teaches at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, is the author of *The Face of Battle*.

The Crime and Punishment of I.G. Farben by Joseph Borkin

(The Free Press; \$10.95)

Nothing could have seemed more predictable in World War II than the Washington attitude toward the great German business corporations that were supplying Hitler. American corporate executives—professional business statesmen, compulsive business spokesmen and Washington representatives rather more than the practical operators—were in town in strength to help run the war and on occasion to provide major obstruction. Their counterparts in Germany were certainly working for the Nazis. But they were basically reputable men whom, in frequent cases, one knew. They were caught up in a power far greater than themselves. Once Hitler was defeated, they would be decent colleagues again, entitled to the respect that the size and omnipotence of their enterprises decreed. The usual business comity would prevail.

Things were not so seen, however, in politically dominant circles in Washington. Rather it was recognized that the great German corporations, including in particular the greatest of them, I.G. Farbenindustrie Aktiengesellschaft, were active, indispensable and often enthusiastic allies of Adolf Hitler. Out of ambition, dislike and fear of the left, they saw the Nazis as both their opportunity and their protection. And this was truth. A good many people contributed to this perception. But much of it is owing to two men, Thurman Arnold and Joseph Borkin. Joe Borkin was indefatigable in urging and writing of the war guilt of the German cartels. He has been at it ever since, drawing attention to their role in the Holocaust as well. No reader of this book will doubt that he has made his point.

It's an enormous story, one in the case of Farben of great technical and business

competence, even greater talent for international financial and corporate legerdemain, limitless rapacity and appalling cruelty. As Hitler advanced in power, there was, at first, some delicacy in sacrificing the Jewish scientists and executives to the greater good of the corporation. But the Farben men soon rose to the need. When the war came, there was only eagerness in moving in to plunder Austrian, Czech, Polish and French chemical industries. And as labor in the Reich got scarce and the need for gasoline and rubber synthesis more urgent, Farben was greatly attracted to Auschwitz as a plant location. There a nearly unlimited supply of Jewish inmates could be worked to death and then replaced with others, all for a derisory payment to the SS, in the ranks of which Farben executives were now represented. The main death camp was not entirely satisfactory as a source of workers, so Farben arranged to have its own. Each day the workers carried back the dead for roll call. The weak or otherwise inadequate were selected out for furnaces.

All of this Borkin tells. And he tells with pride that the United States, alone among the occupying powers, brought some of the executives responsible for these hideous crimes at least mildly to account. He could have added that they wouldn't have come to trial had not Borkin and those he informed contributed to the requisite understanding and mood. There is a picture of the business criminals in the dock at Nuremberg. It shows them, one thinks, both angry and incredulous that men of such rank and standing should be so treated.

I have some quibbles. Hjalmar Schacht did not stabilize the mark after the great inflation. It was stabilized on almost the day he took office; he arrived just in time to take the credit. Schacht was a man of narrow, deeply frozen mind. Central bankers, all should know, gain their public reputation and esteem not from their ability or intelligence but from the aura of mystery that the innocent accord the institution they head. (It is why, in all countries, they are much celebrated while in office and, with the rarest exceptions, disappear forever from sight and mention on the day they leave it.)

Borkin lays great stress on the way the Schlieffen Plan in World War I assumed a quick victory. In consequence, capacity for sustained production of munitions was not necessary; stocks would be built up, expended in quick victorious operation and then

accumulated for the next campaign. He might have pointed out that the same doctrine, that of the Blitzkrieg and its associated production planning, was even more strongly avowed in World War II. And, as in World War I, it was to prove disastrous when the quick victory did not come.

I also have difficulty in believing that the late Stanislaus Radziwill had much influence on the final settlement of the affairs of General Aniline and Film (the disguised American Farben subsidiary seized by the Alien Property Administration in World War II) by Attorney General Robert Kennedy. No doubt Radziwill opened a door. But apart from their natural caution in such matters, I never thought that the

Kennedys took him all that seriously. My instinct is to believe that there is less here than meets the eye.

There are also numerous small errors of fact, usually when Borkin leaves his main subject for ancillary history. Still, out of a lifetime of study, he has produced a book of major impact on the conjunction of corporate and military and political power. He rightly joins General Eisenhower on the opening page to warn all countries to be alert to this power, however different the form in which it is found.

John Kenneth Galbraith

John Kenneth Galbraith's latest book is *The Age of Uncertainty* (Houghton Mifflin).

Reflections: Essays, Aphorisms, Autobiographical Writings by Walter Benjamin

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; \$12.95)

Posthumous fame of the sort Walter Benjamin has received since his suicide at the French-Spanish border in 1940, at the age of 48, is not entirely unique in this century; but it is altogether exceptional in the case of Benjamin, who is easily among its most esoteric writers. A youthful Romantic who later converted to Marxism, he was by temperament a scholar in the highest German traditions, but after the rise of Nazi power, as an emigré Jewish intellectual, he earned his living as a freelance reviewer and radio scriptwriter; known primarily for his literary criticism, he was actually a profound metaphysician who brought to all his work an apocalyptic vision of history and the frustrations of a disappointed lover. In his hermeneutic readings of texts which frequently were not even written ones—cities, institutions, experiences—he took positive delight in the consummate difficulty of his writing; he once described the prolegomenon to his seminal study of German baroque tragedy—which was rejected by the faculty of the University of Frankfurt as being incomprehensible—as akin to the flaming swords held by the cherubs who guard the gates of Paradise. Composed in a prose that deliberately eschewed conventional argument for the tense force of insight, these “profane il-

luminations” demand interpretation even more than most of the authors Benjamin chose as his subjects.

Since the posthumous publication of his work—much of which never appeared in print during his lifetime—such interpretations have abounded. Marxist critics have been eager to seize upon him as a patron saint, while Gershom Scholem, Benjamin's intimate and the great scholar of Kabbalah, has argued that Benjamin superimposed Marxism upon a religious, ultimately mystical, imagination. In his intelligently balanced introduction to *Reflections*, the editing of which he also completed (after Hannah Arendt's death), Peter Demetz has attempted to steer a mid-course between these two extreme interpretations, suggesting instead a reading of Benjamin which would acknowledge the very richness of the internal contradictions in his thought, the idiosyncrasy which Benjamin himself defined “as the highest critical organ.”

That idiosyncrasy, utterly private and unsystematic, is fully borne out in *Reflections*, a companion volume to the mainly literary essays in *Illuminations*, which appeared some ten years ago. It is luminously translated by Edmund Jephcott, and ranges from the meditations on language and mimesis Benjamin wrote at the age of 24, to the

late fragments he had not completed at the time of his death. This collection, besides literary criticism, includes the memoirs, travelogues, aphorisms, political and philosophical writings of a thoroughly original mind, possessed only of genius, that participated in the most intense intellectual and spiritual convulsions of its age by recognizing the monuments of its culture “as ruins even before they . . . crumbled.”

Benjamin was fascinated by the “thingness” of the world, and toyed with the idea of graphically setting out the sphere of life—and preeminently his own—on a map. In his travelogues on Naples and Marseilles, and in “Paris, Capital of the Nineteenth Century,” these cities divulge their “meaning” to Benjamin almost in the form of allegories—upon their cathedrals, walls, shellfish and oyster-stalls, noises, and statues. In the Paris essay, actually a précis for a future work, never completed, which was to disclose the historical forms of culture through a study of the topography of Paris, each sketch begins with an architectural or cultural innovation—the Arcades, or the World Exhibition, or the Barricades—whose aura Benjamin first reveals, and then connects with the most diverse phenomena: thus, in “the deathly idyll” of Paris's streets, Benjamin locates the ambiguous pose of the Baudelairean *flâneur*, an ambiguity which is “the pictorial image of dialectics,” and the same image presented by the pure commodity “as fetish,” by the arcades “which are both house and stars,” by the prostitute “who is saleswoman and wares in one.”

Benjamin literally wrote reality as he experienced it, whether it was the rapture of “pure prose-being” he discovered smoking hashish in Marseilles (“that wonderful, beatific humor . . . on the contingencies of the world of space and time”) or in the act of remembrance. “He who has once begun to open the fan of memory never comes to the end of its segments,” he writes at the outset of “A Berlin Chronicle,” and in the meandering, Proustian memoir of childhood (composed while he was translating Proust), the haunting evocations of the city of his youth, its desolate squares, empty classrooms, terror-filled staircases, and dingy hotel rooms, all summon forth the bottomless, *fin-de-siècle* melancholy of Benjamin's existence: his awful sense of spiritual solitude (within the elegance of his well-to-do Jewish home); the “deep and permanent” humiliations he suffered (nearly always

at his mother's hands); his first great disappointment (when he did not find the legendary peacock feathers on Peacock Island); the obsessive, lasting pull of his adolescent sexual fantasies (dominated by the images of prostitutes, "the household goddesses of the cult of nothingness").

Just as it is irrelevant that there was nothing in his childhood, as Benjamin himself recounts it, to justify the ardent sense of despair, the abiding conviction of failure, so his literary criticism should be read less for the objective knowledge it imparts about its subjects than for the crises and compulsions he was able to identify in them with his own. In "Surrealism," subtitled "The Last Snapshot of the European Intelligentsia," Benjamin was probably the first critic to realize that their writings are not literature at all; the surrealists are "lovers who convert everything that we have experienced on mournful railway journeys, on Godforsaken Sunday afternoons in the proletarian quarters of the great cities, in the first glance through the rain-blurred window of a new apartment, into revolutionary experience, if not action." But those concerns closest to Benjamin's own are

to be found most in his elusive, difficult essay on the Viennese satirist and critic Karl Kraus—so difficult Kraus himself claimed he did not understand it. There he portrays Kraus standing "on the threshold of the Last Judgement," and in his use of quotation finds "mirrored the angelic tongue in which all words, startled from the idyllic context of meaning, have become mottoes in the book of Creation."

The theological frame of this essay obscures its Marxist orientation, and directly raises the entire troublesome question of Benjamin's Marxism. Yet if there cannot be any doubt about the genuineness of his Marxist conversion (on the island of Capri in 1924, when he met Asja Lacis who, he confessed, immediately inspired him "to a feeling of the vital relevance of radical communism"), it is also worth remembering Benjamin's later remark that, in an age of barbaric fascism, communism was "the lesser evil."

Part of Benjamin's attraction to Marxism was its subversiveness, an element he used to great advantage in his revolutionary critique of cultural forms, "The Artist as Producer." But Benjamin's Marxist sympathies were

more theoretical than practical. In the colorful account he wrote after his trip to Moscow in 1927, Benjamin described with Dickensian flair the tactile pleasures of brushing against people while sleigh-riding, but he also observed the absence of cafés, the abolition of free thought along with free trade, and amid the massive transformation of society taking place "as on a laboratory table," the reactionary state of art which had become official dogma. Like some other intellectuals, Benjamin appears to have been both intimidated and impressed by the vast power of the centralized state. This other, less attractive side of Benjamin emerges again in the notes he made of his conversations with Bertolt Brecht at Svendborg. Benjamin does not extensively record his own remarks, but his clear adulation of Brecht is almost embarrassing, and especially because Brecht himself is conceited, bullying towards Benjamin, and not very intelligent, dismissing Kafka at one point as "a Jewboy."

In an early, pre-Marxist essay, "Critique of Violence," Benjamin used a ruthlessly exacting analysis of bourgeois concepts of law to justify anarchistic violence against the state; at mid-point,

Speak German like a Diplomat!

What sort of people need to learn a foreign language as quickly and effectively as possible?

Foreign service personnel, that's who. Members of America's diplomatic corps are assigned to U.S. embassies abroad, where they must be able to converse fluently in every situation.

Now, *you* can learn to speak German just like these diplomatic personnel do—with the Foreign Service Institute's Programmed Introduction to German.

The U.S. Department of State has spent tens of thousands of dollars developing this course. It's by far *the most effective way* to learn German *immediately*.

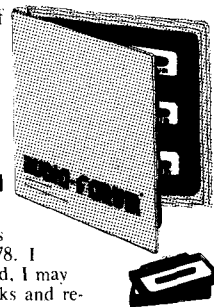
The Programmatic German Course consists of a series of tape cassettes and an accompanying textbook. You simply follow the spoken and written instructions; listening and repeating. The course begins entirely in English. But by its end, you'll find yourself learning and speaking in German!

This course turns your cassette player into a "teaching machine." With its unique "programmable" learning method, you set your own pace—testing yourself, correcting errors, reinforcing accurate responses.

The Foreign Service Institute's Programmatic German course includes 8 cassettes (13 hours) and a 647-page text-

book. The cassettes are shipped to you in a handsome library binder. Entire course package costs only \$95.

The Foreign Service Institute's course is *unconditionally guaranteed*. Try it for three weeks. If you're not convinced it's *the fastest, easiest, most painless way to learn German*, return it and we'll refund every penny you paid! Clip and mail the coupon today!



1183

Ja! I want to speak German like a diplomat. Rush me the Foreign Service Institute's Programmatic German course tapes #971-978. I understand that if I'm not completely satisfied, I may return the course materials within three weeks and receive a full refund.

Name

Address

City State Zip

☐ Enclosed is my check or money order for \$95.

Or, charge my:

☐ VISA (BankAmericard) ☐ Master Charge ☐ American Express

Card number

Expiration date

Signature

AUDIO-FORUM® 901 N. Washington St.
Alexandria, VA 22314

SA873a

however, he broke his argument to invoke the chiliastic purity of divine violence, law-destroying, expiating, "lethal without shedding blood." To his later Marxism Benjamin brought the same apocalyptic fervor, and the ontological contradiction of the secular messianist—so familiar to him from the Jewish tradition—which he suffered personally as unfulfilled longing and intense disappointment. Against all hope in the future, he possessed a vision of the past as a single massive catastrophe, piling wreckage upon wreckage, and his own writings, barely rescued from oblivion, resemble more

than a little those very ruins he so often evoked. Ancient in its wisdom, immersed in silence, the solemn grandeur of Benjamin's work appears infinitely distant from us, in its ornate imagery no less than in its Romantic and Hegelian assumptions about history. Yet his contradictions were the deepest contradictions of his age and the heritage of our own; and his writings survive as their authentic monuments.

David Stern

David Stern is a member of the Society of Fellows at Harvard.

"Dear Master": Letters of a Slave Family edited by Randall M. Miller

(Cornell University Press; \$15)

Violence was the mainspring of slavery. The hope for privileges such as liberty to visit neighboring plantations, or the addition of molasses to the weekly food allowance, moved some slaves to work exceedingly hard and to comply, at least outwardly, with their masters' ideas of good moral behavior. But the great majority of slaves labored under the stimulus of the lash, whether frequently applied or merely threatened by past experience.

Some slaves worked under an additional inducement—the opportunity to purchase their freedom. These were a very few people, and usually not from among the field hands. In the decades before the Civil War, the slave states grew more and more hostile to manumissions, and laws discouraged masters, who might be inclined, from educating their slaves for living in freedom. Furthermore, slaves were wealth, and no planter could be expected to impoverish himself by turning loose his property, the source of his status and standard of living. The most benevolent of planters might free one of 50 slaves, one of a hundred, or just as likely no slaves at all in his lifetime.

There were wonderful exceptions. Edward Coles, the young inheritor of a Virginia tobacco plantation, told Thomas Jefferson, in 1814, that he planned to take all of his slaves to Illinois, free them, and set up each family on 160 acres. Eventually he did just that.

Another Virginia planter, John H. Cocke, devised his own plan to free a whole community of slaves. In 1833, he freed Peyton Skipwith and his family and sent them to Liberia. In 1840, Cocke placed 49 slaves at Hopewell, a cotton plantation in Alabama where, under the guidance and whip of a series of overseers, among them Peyton's brother George, they were to work for eight years; then Cocke would free them—and send them also to Liberia. That would be a condition of their emancipation. If slavery was intolerable to Cocke, so was the thought of blacks and whites living together in a free society.

"*Dear Master*" is the Skipwith family's response to Cocke's experiment. It contains 140 letters, written over a 30-year period, from seven Skipwiths to Cocke and Cocke's wife. It is a startling collection, the fullest of its kind, and it is bound to add fuel to the contending interpretations of slavery. The Skipwiths may appear to say all things to all people. Indeed, their letters are so well crafted, such a tactful mix of free and guarded emotion, of imperative needs that only the master could fill and indirect longing, stretching, for personal power, of submissiveness and independence, that generalizing from them entails great risks.

Randall M. Miller has superbly reproduced, organized, and annotated the letters. He identifies all of the

significant people mentioned in them, and many of the minor ones—no easy task when the characters live on the margins of literate society. His descriptions of events that fall outside of common knowledge, such as the Afro-American campaigns against native Liberian tribes, deftly understate the ironies of this history. Miller's introductions to the letter writers are less successful. He sometimes takes the long way around to say a short thing, and his otherwise vigorous narratives break down. George Skipwith's "epistolary vision," he writes, "was consciously narrow, discreet, and partial, but however unsatisfying in clarity, George's missives, through their interstices at least, shed rare light on the driver's labor concerns and his ambivalent feelings toward his job and the master class." This sounds more like an attempt to impose significance on the letters than an evaluation of their down-to-earth contents. There is just no need to say so much; the letters say enough.

Peyton Skipwith writes from Monrovia. In his first letter he pleads with Cocke to "let me know on what terms I can come back for I intend coming back as soon as I can." A poor man has no chance to make a living because the natives take all work at low wages. The perils of the climate and the problem of labor make farming seem impossible. Peyton wishes the Cocks "good health" after commenting that his own health is only "moderate," affected by the African fever which has killed one of his daughters. Two years later he writes that his health is recovered and that he feels "satisfied with my present home and desire no other"—words that must have pleased Cocke. Peyton begins asking his former master to send him things either unavailable or very dear in Liberia: mason's tools, tobacco, writing paper. Like most colonizers, Peyton seldom leaves the coast. Once he goes with the militia "to fight a savage King about three days travel through the forest," and he finds there "a pretty country well watered and timberd." But he has nothing good to say about the natives. Peyton Skipwith sticks to the social views he had in Virginia, which are the views of the white planter class. Africans are savages and heathens, slave traders themselves. It makes him uneasy "to think that those people of Africa are called our ancestors." He would sooner believe he had no ancestors at all.

Peyton's daughter Diana writes to Cocke's daughter Sally that she expects never to find "a Native" who could make

her a good husband. She is bored and lonely, a woman with a full heart and no one to love. Her eloquence transcends—or obliterates—the social distance between herself and her former mistresses. “I wish that I could see your face,” she writes to Sally, “for I cannot take rest of nights Dreaming About you Sometimes I think I am thire and when I awoke I am hear in Liberea & how that dos greave me. . . .” In another letter, Diana begs Cocke’s wife Louisa, “Oh tell me i yet have a friend though a friend I am never to see.” Four years later, in 1843, Diana finds a husband, a free-born seaman from North Carolina. Her dissatisfaction with Liberia, and implicitly with Cocke for sending her there, gives way to new feelings. “Now I can truly say that I thank god & you too that I am heare,” she writes to him. “I wish to make Africa my home the longest day that I live,” she says. No doubt she is sincere at that moment, but she acknowledges the emotional scars of her exile in consoling Cocke, with a hint of ridicule, “yet I do not pretend to say that I do not want to come back and see you all.”

George Skipwith wrote to Cocke every month from Alabama from May through October, 1847, and May through December, 1848. This covered most of his tenure as overseer, and subsequent time as driver. His letters deal mainly with the progress of crops and the conduct of slaves. They are remarkably similar in content, tone, and even grammar to letters I have read of white overseers to planters in other states. But George was a slave, and he never forgot that. You might say that his letters tell the daytime story of the plantation and leave out the night. He barely alludes to the chaos which Cocke found on his visits to the place—drunkenness, promiscuity, unauthorized absences from the slave quarters—and which prompted the master to scrap his emancipation plan. George himself was a great violator of Cocke’s rules, and Cocke demoted him from overseer to driver when he learned the extent and rigidity of George’s ways. Yet, even in his impudence George was loyal to his master. Quarreling with the white man who preceded him as overseer, George swaggered that the man “was not his master and had nothing to do there with him.” George was “well lashed” for his words; in the end, however, he took away the white man’s job.

George’s daughter Lucy perfected his strategy—to insist upon the personal relation of slavery, the bond between

master and slave which comes before the law and before other relationships. Certainly, no hired hand was going to break it. In devising the means to free himself from slavery, Cocke drew himself closer to his slaves. By teaching them to read and write, then having intimate correspondence with them, and by entering an emancipation compact and swearing everyone to secrecy, Cocke made them all, himself included, outlaws of a sort.

Lucy Skipwith was Cocke’s favorite

slave, and he entrusted her with educating and Christianizing the people at Hopewell. From 1854 through 1865 she writes regularly to him about plantation business, the fortunes of her Sunday school, and her struggles to do the right thing in trying situations. Writing to her master was itself a trial. Overseers did not appreciate slaves reporting on them to the planter, and one time Lucy threw a letter of Cocke’s into the fire rather than have the overseer’s wife read it. The white

“National Review
is my kind of
magazine. It may even
be yours — why not
give it a try? Just use
the coupon below”

Many thanks,

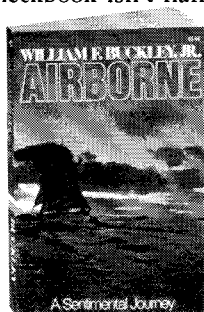
Wm F Buckley Jr



Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

Why not take a moment *now* to find out for yourself about America’s most unusual magazine? (And get a **FREE** book!)

Yes, don’t miss this opportunity to try *National Review* (see below for details of our special \$-saving introductory rate). See for yourself what so many other intelligent Americans are finding regularly in NR — good writing, sharp reporting — the news you can’t find anywhere else! — plus book, movie and TV reviews — even a fascinating “Trans-o-gram” puzzle in each issue. Learn firsthand why people are talking about *National Review*. Discover just how exciting Bill Buckley’s *National Review* can be! Mail the coupon today (pay later, if your checkbook isn’t handy — the important thing is to do it now!). Many thanks.



AIRBORNE* is the marvelous story of Buckley’s once-in-a-lifetime trans-Atlantic voyage on the schooner *Cyrano* — told as only he can tell it (plus a wealth of commentary on fascinating people, places — and all the ideas and arguments that a full month at sea can produce!). Worth \$5.95, it’s yours **FREE if you enclose payment with order. Thank you.

Special Offer:

If you enclose payment-with-order for either of the special introductory offers listed on the coupon below, we will send you a **FREE** and postpaid copy of Bill Buckley’s famous book, *Airborne*.*

National Review • 150 E. 35th St. • N.Y., N.Y. 10016

Gentlemen: I want to find out about **National Review** for myself. Please send me the next 20 issues at the special introductory rate of just \$13.95, postpaid. Thank you.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ **Payment of \$13.95 enclosed** ☐ **bill me later**

☐ **I prefer the special rate of \$19.95, for 30 issues of NR.**

(Prices quoted above include all postage and handling charges.)

R-1

woman would have seen that "it was in answer to one that they did not know that I had written to you." Lucy tells Cocke that she is sending the letter reporting this incident to him through his daughter Sally, so that the overseer will not catch her writing to him, making her master a party to her crime.

Miller calls Lucy's contrariness to the overseer's wife "clear proof that accommodation and a willingness to accept the congenial aspects of the master-slave relationship did not breed docility." He declares that a letter to Cocke in which Lucy pleads with him not to sell her miscreant daughter "repudiates the glib assertion that slave parents passively accepted family fragmentation." These arguments are straw men. No one today is saying that the slaves were docile, or that they passively accepted anything. Besides, Lucy is a sample of *one*, and she was exceptionally privileged. Miller concludes that she "seemed an anomaly in the South—someone without a sense of place." You cannot have it both ways. Either Lucy is an anomaly, a deviation from the mass, or she is an example of it.

Lucy and George Skipwith both figured they could enjoy more personal freedom within their relationship to Cocke, their master, than outside of it, particularly if the alternative was Liberia. They had heard about the prospects for poor freed people in Africa and they were having none of it. George sabotaged Cocke's intention to send him there by carousing and by misdirecting the slaves at Hopewell. Lucy carefully but assuredly rejected Cocke's direct offer to send her. In a letter dated August, 1863, she thanks him "a thousand times for what you propose doing . . ." but does not commit herself. Perhaps she is waiting for a sign of who is winning the Civil War. I would guess the war impressed her more than she lets on in her letters. After all, black men from Hopewell were dying building the Confederate defenses at Mobile. And "them that do not die in Mobile come home almost dead." Had Lucy been of

age in 1834 to join her Uncle Peyton in Liberia she might have chosen to go. But this was a new day, and there were new prospects, closer to home. In December, 1865, eight months after the Confederate surrender, she thanks Cocke for his "advice" to emigrate but, keeping her deepest thoughts to herself, tells him, "I have looked over my mind in regard to going to Liberia but I cannot get my consent to go there. . . ." She was not alone in turning down her

former master's offer. "None of our people are willing to go," she writes. This refusal was the ultimate rebellion of Cocke's slaves, the crushing of his plan. Lucy wrote no more letters to Cocke, as far as we know.

Theodore Rosengarten

Theodore Rosengarten is the author of *All God's Dangers: The Life of Nate Shaw* (Alfred A. Knopf).

Selected Letters Of John O'Hara edited by Matthew J. Bruccoli

(Random House; \$17.95)

"Writing," John O'Hara wrote to John Steinbeck in 1949, "You and Ernest and Faulkner only. Me, of course. But room for all of us. . . . When I think of all of you I want to crawl except when I think of what an honest writer I am. Not many, though. You name them. Not so many, and especially when you think of how many try. COULD GO ON FOR QUITE SOME TIME ON THIS SUBJECT." Indeed he could, and did, for years and years.

O'Hara was not by nature a modest man or a contented one, and his correspondence (assembled by Matthew Bruccoli, the literary industrialist) shows that his immodesty and his discontent combined to make him obsessed, above all else, with his place in the literary firmament. Like Joe Chapin, his hero in *Ten North Frederick*, who lay awake in bed the night of his fortieth birthday and said to his wife, "I would like to be President of the United States," O'Hara evidently sat himself down at some point in his early forties and decided that he would like to win the Nobel Prize for Literature. He spent the rest of his life campaigning for it ceaselessly, mostly through his books and partly through his letters. Joe Chapin never got very close to his goal and died a broken man; O'Hara didn't get what he wanted either (though by his own account he came tantalizingly close) but the sheer force of will he mustered up in the quest kept him bilious and ardent right up to his death.

If O'Hara now spends his days looking on at America from heaven, he is no doubt as displeased as always. He was

convinced that whatever recognition was denied him during his lifetime would certainly come "as of five or ten years after I cool," when the professors and the critics finally came to their senses. But unless this book brings about a major revival, it's likely that that period will pass with O'Hara's reputation lower, if anything, than it was at his death eight years ago.

Other than Bruccoli's 1975 biography (for which he assembled most of these letters) the major retrospectives have been few and far between. In a "Reconsideration" in these pages in 1972, Arthur Mizener (whom O'Hara hated so much that he threatened to end a 15-year relationship with Random House when he found out that Mizener had been allowed to write the afterword to a paperback of *Appointment in Samarra*) said rereading *Butterfield 8* "leaves you feeling that . . . his essential values were hardly superior to those of a magazine-fiction writer." It has always been acknowledged that O'Hara was a master of the particulars of his time and place (and his accuracy about them was a great point of pride for him); what he and the critics disagreed on was whether, through them, he got at the universals too.

Alas, his letters tend to support the critics' view—but oh, what particulars! On the one hand, it must be admitted that there is none of the sense here that was so abundant in Edmund Wilson's letters, of being in the presence of a great, broad, deep man. O'Hara was not an intellectual, nor did he strive, in his correspondence, for profundity. In fact, he was relentlessly petty—boastful,

AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER

Leading book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile works, etc. New authors welcomed. For complete information, send for booklet NR-1. It's free. Vantage Press, 516 West 34 St., New York, N.Y. 10001.

ingratiating, bullying, jealous, defensive as only the very successful can be, and, in Joel Sayre's oft-quoted phrase, "a master of the fancied slight."

On the other hand, he was a flavorful man with a great natural gift for using the language, and this collection is full of life and of its times. The letters are all from O'Hara—no replies—and the recipients are family and friends and (mostly) the various editors, publishers, agents, critics, and producers he dealt with. Whether because of who saved letters from O'Hara or whom O'Hara wrote to most often, the result is a book heavy on details of the world of letters from the early 1920s to the late 1960s. Because O'Hara usually preferred to act as his own agent, many of the letters are devoted to his own business affairs (he elevated the routine letter asking for money to an art form), but many more are gossip, assessments of books and reputations, and other matters of broader interest.

The letters begin with O'Hara a restless youth at home in Pottsville, Pa., far more interested in fraternities, country clubs, drinking, and the possibility of going to Yale than in writing. When his father died college became out of the question, and O'Hara drifted through a long series of jobs, starting with manual labor in Pottsville, ending with journalism in New York, all culminating in his being fired. It was only after hours that his attention was really engaged, either in writing short stories for submission to *The New Yorker* and *Scribner's* or in trying to become a man about town. "Here is an idea of the people I've met and spoken to either on assignments or socially: F.P.A., Frank Sullivan, Herbert Asbury, W.O. McGeehan, Dick Watts, Clare Briggs, Belle Livingstone, Walter Winchell. . . ." he wrote his friend Robert Simonds in 1928. "Then there are the purely office celebrities and local big and semi-big shots whose names would mean nothing to you."

Despite the company, O'Hara was broke. He lied to his family about what he was doing and how much money he had. He married, lied to his wife's family, and got divorced. He tried unsuccessfully to find a job in Chicago. He worked as a steward on a cruise ship. He briefly ran a magazine in Pittsburgh. At the end of 1933, near rock bottom, he rented a room in a cheap hotel and began to write *Appointment in Samarra*. A year later, he was a famous and successful novelist, to remain so for the rest of his life.

Success did not, however, bring with

it security. O'Hara was now able to pay the rent and move in any social circle and be treated as an important writer—but no amount of money was enough for him, no treatment sufficiently respect-



John O'Hara

ful, and, especially, no social acceptance complete enough. "I have some remote kinship with those N.Y. Pells, I go through cheap shame when the O'Hara side gets too close for comfort," he wrote F. Scott Fitzgerald, who sympathized. He began a lifelong passion for collecting club memberships (and a lifelong tradition of being blackballed). He was forever citing trivia having to do with prep schools and Yale. He spoke fondly of the day when his daughter would be married in an Episcopal church.

The letters from this period, when O'Hara was very much a New York boulevardier ("It's time I made 21 a restaurant instead of a career," he once vowed), are full of vivid details about his world. Brucoli has done a manly job of footnoting the endless series of now-obscure references (although, unfortunately, the footnotes are at the end of each letter, requiring a lot of flipping back and forth when the letter takes up more than a page); one letter's worth gives a good idea of the broad outlines of O'Hara's life:

¹John Ringling North, president of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus.

²Finis Farr, who later wrote a biography of O'Hara.

³Englishwoman known for her association with leading Nazis.

⁴Actress Rosa Stradner married producer-director Joseph L. Mankiewicz.

⁵An English car O'Hara owned.

⁶Government official and diplomat.

⁷"Hi-Yo, Silver!" *The Saturday Evening Post* (14 October 1939).

⁸*The Philadelphia Evening Ledger*.

⁹Singer.

¹⁰Arthur Twining Hadley, President of Yale; Henry Van Dyke, author and clergyman.

¹¹The Palomar was a ballroom in Los Angeles noted for its swing bands.

¹²Charles E. Bedaux, an efficiency expert.

¹³London custom shoemaker."

The 1940s were O'Hara's worst years. He was drinking heavily enough to damage his literary output, and an ulcer kept him out of the war—a great inconvenience, because "I feel like a jerk being out of uniform when I go to 21 and places like that." He assiduously cultivated the friendship of James Forrestal in hopes that Forrestal could pull strings to get him a Navy commission, but no luck. Ever the patriot, O'Hara then offered to sell his Deussenberg to the Navy for one dollar, and asked Forrestal's help in getting into the Racquet and Tennis Club in New York. He began to give his manuscripts to Yale because "I may get an honorary out of it." He tried to join the fledgling CIA ("my other references are Lovett, Swope, Harriman, Forrestal, maybe Symington, and Ross"), to no avail.

Toward the end of the decade O'Hara took himself in hand and decided to write for immortality. He moved from New York to Princeton ("It is not that Princeton has made me a better offer, but that Yale has made me no offer at all."), and from then on he lived in near-seclusion, wrote prodigiously, and devoted all his spare energies to promoting his literary reputation. His youthful cockiness deepened into a mature egomania, and his New Dealism into an increasingly reactionary Republicanism.

His propensity for snubbing and being snubbed grew to the level of self-caricature. He broke off his relations with *The New Yorker*, which had always been rocky, because of its refusal to pay him \$500 per rejected story (and its nasty review of *A Rage to Live*). He began publishing all his books on Thursdays so that they would be reviewed in *The New York Times* by Charles Poore, who was an O'Hara fan, rather than Orville Prescott, who wasn't. He stepped up his

pursuit of club memberships and was always ready with a reason why one more was an absolute necessity. After trying for years to get into the Century Association, the New York intellectual club, he was admitted; but a few years later, he asked a wealthy Philadelphia friend to put him up for the Brook because "I am disheartened by the number of creeps who have been creeping into the Century." The friend obliged, but O'Hara was blackballed.

He also began the curious practice of corresponding at great length with book critics. It began with short thank-you notes after favorable reviews but soon grew to lengthy pre-review letters full of flattery for the critic, praise of his own talents, and little scoops about forthcoming projects and hidden meanings in the work at hand. For those who like their authors gentle and self-effacing, these letters are a little hard to take. "You," he wrote Charles Poore, "by which I mean your work as a critic, represent the difference between working and working-without-reward." And to another critic, after explaining at length how he had worked out an intricate problem dealing with point of view: "That, my friend, is a triumph of writing."

Brucoli has a theory that O'Hara began writing these long letters partly as a form of autobiography, knowing they would be saved. His letters to editors and producers, too, became longer with the passing years, and amid the confidential reports that he had been up for the Nobel two, three, and four times are the most useful part of the book, lengthy exegeses of his own work. These show that O'Hara was a stickler for the absolute rightness of his dialogue and references; that he had thought a good deal about narrative and descriptive technique; and that he considered himself an expert in the field of what motivates people. He had, in other words, many of the concerns of the 19th-century novelist. He never spoke of trying to deal in his work with problems of the human condition, or philosophy, or perception.

With the passing years, O'Hara became staggeringly arrogant. He resigned from the American Institute of Arts and Letters when it didn't nominate him for its Gold Medal. He began to insist that magazine editors come out to Princeton to read his stories, in order to spare him the ignominy of mailing them in. He wrote Bennett Cerf that he would not stand any more for being put on hold ("No more of this 'Get O'Hara on the

phone,' and then keep O'Hara waiting while Big Shot picks up the phone."). He bought a Rolls-Royce and thought about buying another. He bellyached constantly about high taxes, civil rights, and the welfare state. He did not like the 1960s and often complained about its major figures, like James Baldwin ("He has put himself on record as opposed to me") and Robert Kennedy ("Now *there's* a little prick for you."). As he wrote longer and longer novels about richer and richer people, the critics' dislike for him grew, and his for them. "There is no gratitude among the booksy folk," he wrote Cerf, "only envy."

O'Hara died rich and dissatisfied, without the Nobel or the Pulitzer, devoid of honorary degrees (despite meticulously planned placement of his manuscripts at the major universities), a big ungainly man, lantern-jawed, jug-eared, bad-teethed, often ill, but always writing furiously. What drove him may have been class envy and vanity and he may have turned out some flops, but he was nonetheless a man impressive for his output. With the exception of Faulkner, those he considered his contemporaries (Hemingway, Fitzgerald,

Steinbeck, Sinclair Lewis, Cozzens) dried up as writers long before they died, while O'Hara kept turning out a novel and a short-story collection nearly every year. Writing Mark Schorer in praise of Lewis, he could have been writing about himself: "There was his capacity for work, which in itself is too often underrated. It is too often dismissed by people who are themselves plodders or by the aesthetes who are looking for that one perfect rose."

O'Hara wasn't one of them; he believed, as few do today, that the duty of a novelist was to record his times accurately and voluminously. "I am going to write novel after novel while I am able to do so," he wrote the producer David Brown, "and if they result in my being published annually, I'll at least be demonstrating that I'm alive." There is no doubt that O'Hara did just that, abundantly, in his letters no less than in his fiction.

Nicholas Lemann

Nicholas Lemann is a contributing editor of The Washington Monthly and The Texas Monthly.

The Tell-Tale Heart: The Life and Works of Edgar Allan Poe by Julian Symons

(Harper & Row; \$12.95)

It has been said that Poe's biography might well have been a tale invented by Poe. Throughout his short life, the grotesque and the tragic were his constant companions. Edgar Poe was orphaned at the age of three—his actress mother died a slow death of tuberculosis in a tiny boardinghouse room the family shared, his father simply vanished. Edgar was raised by a charitable Richmond couple who inexplicably refused to adopt him, although they had no children of their own. In his late teens Poe was in and out of the University of Virginia, West Point, and the US Army, leaving a string of unpaid gambling debts behind. During these years he entered into a series of disastrous romantic entanglements, all of which ended either in rejection or in the slow death of his beloved, and he lost his much loved foster mother to a mysterious lingering disease. It is

around this time that a dark side emerged in the morbid love poetry young Poe began to write and publish—a dark side that would gradually take hold of the dapper Southern gentleman Edgar Poe had grown into.

At 26 Poe married his 13-year-old cousin, Virginia, and set up house for the bizarre threesome that would be his family for the rest of his life: Virginia ("Sissy"); her mother, whom Edgar adopted as his own ("Muddie"); and Edgar himself ("Eddie"). Despite opportunities for success in journalism, Poe was prone to "crazy drunks," which lost him jobs and friends with alarming regularity. Sissy contracted tuberculosis before the age of 12, and remained an invalid for five of the 11 years of their marriage. Eddie's own drunken, solitary death came just two years after Sissy's, at the age of 40.

Several of Poe's biographers have

devoted their works to chronicling Poe's stormy professional life—a story that certainly deserves to be told, as it foreshadows the embittered, angry, and impoverished careers of a number of America's literary giants. But the real challenge for the biographer of Poe lies in bringing some understanding to the dark side of Poe's personality that propelled him through his disturbed adulthood, and that was clearly the source of his genius.

Julian Symons, himself a writer of detective stories, gives a straightforward, knowledgeable account of Poe's life in *The Tell-Tale Heart*. This in itself is no mean feat: more than one biographer has turned the life into a florid gothic tale. But Symons is so wary of the maudlin and the melodramatic, so devoted to recording every event in its proper sequence, that he fails to uncover the full dimensions of his subject. The Poe Symons speaks of most often is the contented family man, the industrious journalist, the courteous southern gentleman. Of the darker side, like a good detective storyteller, he gives us all the evidence. But the mystery of Poe is not easily solved; a summary of the evidence is not enough to suggest a solution.

Consider the case of Poe's bizarre marriage to his 13-year-old cousin. What are we to make of this? Earlier biographers have suggested that Poe entered the marriage to save himself from a life of sexual activity he clearly feared. Thirteen-year-old Sissy would have been too young for love-making, and soon became too ill for it—or so Poe could believe.

But Symons shies away from any such conjecture. He gives only two pages to this most central fact of Poe's adult life, beginning with the erroneous statement that, "the extraordinary nature of this marriage has been little commented on by Poe's biographers." Symons's commentary consists of a brief description of the family Poe acquired through the marriage—"shy girl" Sissy; "benevolent but enigmatic" Muddie; "erratic, neatly dressed, precise" Eddie—and the frustrating remark that, with the marriage, "everything of decisive emotional importance in his life had now happened." What was the emotional importance of the marriage? Symons does not say.

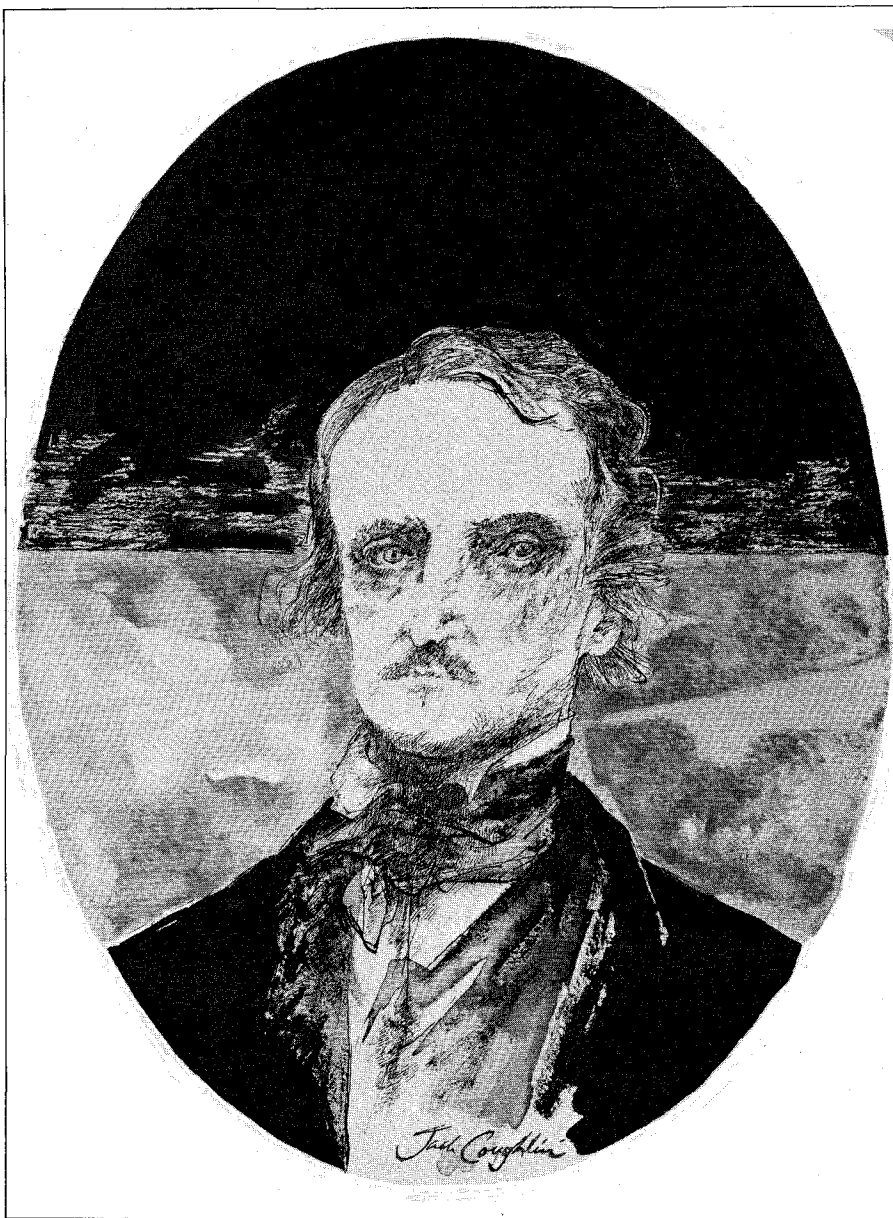
Symons is no more helpful with the question of Poe's drinking. Poe was no ordinary alcoholic. His unpredictable binges constantly took family and friends by surprise as they saw the quiet

southern gentleman transformed into a self-confessed "madman." For the most part, Symons simply lists Poe's drunken episodes—the botched speaking engagements and calamitous business trips—as they came along. (This list itself is not without flaws. Symons says Poe's drinking was "passionate and obsessive" while at the University of Virginia, and even quotes one of Poe's classmates to that effect. Some years, and several chapters, later Symons comments on a binge that lost Poe one of his first editorial posts: "It should be noted that this was his first known bout of real drunkenness.") Once, however, late in his discussion of the life, Symons suggests that Poe drank to escape the painful world "in which Virginia had died and in which he was compelled to consort with people he despised in order to earn a living."

Inebriation may well represent escape for many chronic alcoholics. And cer-

tainly it must have at times for Poe as well. But Poe's binges most often came at times of success or opportunity and provoked wild and even violent behavior in the usually withdrawn man. The escape theory is scarcely an adequate explanation.

Symons remains steadfastly superficial throughout his treatment of the life. Most often he is content to describe the ups and downs of Poe's life as "hard" periods, "happy" times, or "very strange" events. The very thought of applying principles of psychoanalysis to a life that almost begs for interpretation seems reprehensible to him; "the psychoanalytic approach" receives scarcely five pages at the end of his book, most of which are given over to refuting an outdated Freudian interpretation of the work. Occasionally he suggests themes: Poe may have been "not so much a strongly marked personality as an actor, trying on parts"; or he might have been a



Edgar Allan Poe by Jack Coughlin

"self-destructive character." But these are scarcely original, and perhaps because Symons knows this, he doesn't bother to develop them.

There may be no real answers to the questions Poe's life raises. But when Symons reports an incident near the end of Poe's life, in which the poet was persuaded to attend church services at midnight only to "rush out when the passage, 'He was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief' was spoken and repeated," we suddenly realize that Symons has altogether failed to introduce this character. Who was this Poe, and what were his sorrows? Having read Symons, we still don't know.

Symons is even more reluctant to plumb the depths of Poe's work. Claiming it is best not to clutter the life with discussion of the work, Symons left this to the last. Here Symons presents the one theory he gives much attention to—a theory that might have proved useful in examining the life:

Part of Poe wished to preserve poetry as a sacred mystery; another part wanted to demonstrate that the whole thing was a technical problem, which could be solved as one solves a cryptogram. These two parts might be termed Visionary and Logical Poe. . . . In the struggle between Visionary and Logical Poe, and the fusion between them, rests the fascination of his personality and his art.

This could have been the basis for a useful discussion, if only Symons had explored the moments of "struggle" and "fusion" he had in mind. Instead he is content to state the obvious, labeling Poe's detective fiction "Logical," the horror stories "Visionary," and at best identifying combinations of "Logical" and "Visionary" writing in the poetry and criticism that make certain works "effective." As we have seen from his treatment of the life, struggle is not a subject Symons is competent or even willing to handle. The theory itself overlooks much of complexity: the term "Visionary," when applied to the horror stories, is nothing if not euphemistic.

Besides this disappointingly superficial reading of the work, Symons provides a few more pages debunking the two theories he knows about that attempt to reach further below the surface. First, he condemns all psychoanalytic interpretation of Poe's work on the basis of Marie Bonaparte's 1949 Freudian analysis (the ghastly teeth in "Berenice" represent castration anxiety, small rooms are all wombs, etc.). Bonaparte's work would no doubt seem

crude even to a fellow Freudian in the 1970s. Psychoanalytic interpretation has made much progress towards subtlety and sophistication since 1949. Symons's choice of Bonaparte's work as representative of the field is simply irresponsible.

Even more sophisticated is Symons's rejection of symbolist interpretations of Poe. Symons mistakenly assumes that symbolist interpretations can only be made when the author has been proved to be "almost wholly conscious" of his use of symbols. Since Symons can find no explicit statement of symbolist intent in Poe's critical work, we must therefore stop looking for symbols in his poetry and fiction. I'm not sure what sort of criticism Symons has been reading lately, if any at all (he bases this attack on a 1959 essay by Richard Wilbur), but certainly few symbolist critics today regard conscious intent on the part of an author as a prerequisite for discussing symbols that may emerge in a work. This last may in itself be worthy of attack—and if Symons had fought his battle on these grounds there might have been something worth reading here. But Symons shows himself to be little more than a fussy conservative in matters of literary analysis: "... critics before Wilbur found no need to look for symbolic meanings in the stories. Did several generations of well-regarded critics make no sense of Poe?" (It should be noted that Symons elsewhere calls the conclusion of Poe's *Arthur Gordon Pym*

"both satirical and symbolic"; the hooded white apparition is "the symbol of a new and pure world.")

Still, Symons feels he must come up with some way of explaining the enduring fascination of Poe's work. And after 250 pages of anti-analytical writing on both life and work, Symons offers this frustrating conclusion: "It is impossible to ignore [Poe's] life in dealing with his art. . . ." The fascination we feel is with "the personality of Poe expressed through his art. The two are as nearly as possible identical." Why, then, has Symons separated his discussion of the work from the life? Why does he dismiss psychoanalytic interpretation of both the work and the life? Nowhere does he tell us *how* the personality is expressed through the art, nor even *what* personality is expressed. Symons fails to give his readers any feeling for Poe's genius as it was manifested during his life, nor any sense of the life as it is revealed in the art. This is the very least one expects from a biographer.

Edgar Allan Poe has been as little understood by his biographers as he was by those who knew him during his life. Unfortunately, Julian Symons's new biography does little to reverse that trend. *The Tell-Tale Heart* has pitifully little to tell.

Megan Marshall

Megan Marshall is a freelance writer and editor.

Innocent Eréndira and Other Stories

by Gabriel García Márquez

translated by Gregory Rabassa

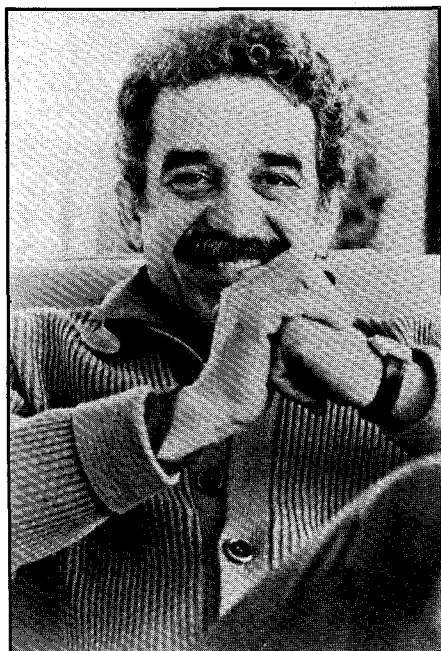
(Harper & Row; \$8.50)

García Márquez's fictional universe has the same staggeringly gratifying density and texture as Proust's *Faubourg Saint-Germain* and Joyce's *Dublin*. As his friend Mario Vargas Llosa said of *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, García Márquez's work is "in the tradition of those insanely ambitious creations which aspire to compete with reality on an equal basis, confronting it with an image and qualitatively matching it in vitality, vastness, and complexity." It is now just over a decade that García Márquez has been received as a world-class novelist.

Since the death of Neruda he is arguably the best of the Latin Americans; as testimony from both the United States and Europe accumulates, his early reception as a great regional writer is giving way to a climate in which Proust and Joyce can be invoked by enthusiasts without worried sidelong glances at the critical pack.

The landmark, of course, is *One Hundred Years of Solitude*. The epic of the Buendía dynasty of Macondo, it is an utterly accessible novel that manages to combine irresistible anecdotal charm

with breathtaking structural inventiveness—this, in a post-modernist jungle where perhaps the only quality admired by artists more tenaciously than “difficulty” is a knack



Gabriel García Márquez by Sophie Baker

for offending the audience. Since *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, only one major new work has appeared: *The Autumn of the Patriarch*. The book caught some Macondo cultists off guard. Its narrative mazes, its one-paragraph and one-sentence chapters, its absence of virtually any punctuation at all: these hurdles suggested to some disappointed readers that García Márquez was bucking for fashionable *nouveau roman* spurs.

But *The Autumn of the Patriarch* has also been welcomed as the necessary *Wake of the Buendía* Bloomsday. The book is really an ancient song, an oral myth about the toppling of a centuries-old Caribbean despot. Its story and structure giddily enact the eternal carnival of history; it dances the dialectic of *change and no change* without lapsing into the ideological self-righteousness of the one or the reactionary pucker of the other.

The remaining García Márquez fiction which Gregory Rabassa's exquisite translations have sent our way can be characterized by an embarrassingly simple rule of thumb: the later, the better. This is much the case for the new collection, *Innocent Eréndira and Other Stories*. The first half of the book—a novella and two stories—is superb, a new chance to enter the tent of the best conjurer in modern letters. The remaining nine stories in the collection, all dated between 1947 and 1953, are interesting archaeology, compelling mainly because they pander to the

glimmers-of-greatness triumphs of literary hindsight.

The very first lines of “The Incredible and Sad Tale of Innocent Eréndira and Her Heartless Grandmother” are enough to signal our presence in Marquez-land.

Eréndira was bathing her grandmother when the wind of her misfortune began to blow. The enormous mansion of moonlike concrete lost in the solitude of the desert trembled down to its foundation with the first attack. But Eréndira and her grandmother were used to the risks of the wild nature there, and in the bathroom decorated with a series of peacocks and childish mosaics of Roman baths they scarcely paid any attention to the caliber of the wind.

His writing—heady, secure, outrageous—is unmistakable. As always, when he is at his best, García Márquez blithely asks us to take as ordinary realism a story in which the touch of a lovesick boy turns glass objects blue, diamonds grow in oranges, and a glowing manta ray floats through the storm-heavy air.

Dated 1972, the novella tells of a 14-year-old whose grandmother sentences her to a life of prosperous nomadic prostitution as payment for accidentally fire-gutting the mansion. All the dazzling tricks that left readers of *One Hundred Years of Solitude* and *The Autumn of the Patriarch* saucer-eyed are also on display here: the false journalism that deploys precise detail to win belief in the most outlandish fictions; the perfect and economical set-dressing, from the childish Roman mosaics to “a convoy of slow covered trucks” whose only lights “were wreaths of colored bulbs which gave them the ghostly size of sleepwalking altars”; the great obsessions that permeate his sagas—solitude, destiny, repetition, illusion.

It is the same with “The Sea of Lost Time” (1961) and “Death Constant Beyond Love” (1970). García Márquez is fond of quoting Chesterton's claim that he could explain Catholicism starting from a pumpkin or a tramway. Whether García Márquez is telling of the time the sea smelled like roses and the gringo philanthropist came to town, or of a stunning black girl whose father fertilized his cauliflower patch with his first wife's quartered corpse, the same, seemingly inexhaustible devices and daemons are at work.

García Márquez is singing the same tale over and over, each time with extraordinary new characters. “Death Constant Beyond Love” is a perfect miniature of García Márquez's

obsessions. “We are here for the purpose of defeating nature,” says Senator Onésimo Sánchez in his reelection campaign. As he extends the politician's immemorial promises of manna and Mammon, his retinue plants prop trees with felt leaves in the saltpeter soil and covers the miserable real-life shacks with cardboard facades of brick and glass.

When he saw that his fictional world was all set up, he pointed to it. “That's the way it will be for us, ladies and gentlemen,” he shouted. “Look! That's the way it will be for us.”

The audience turned around. An ocean liner made of painted paper was passing behind the houses. . . .

The same senator recently learned that he would be dead before next Christmas. Happy and untouched by his sentence to mortality, he falls hopelessly and irrevocably in love.

Politics—like religion, art, and work—is a machine for denying the realities of time and death. Revolutions and routines are ideal ways to evade our fundamental isolation and wormy dénouements. But occasionally something pierces through the terribly important projects that consume and

“This is the best kind of historical scholarship... It is a Chaucerian gallery of vivid medieval persons. No wonder it has been a best seller in France.”

—Hugh Trevor-Roper, *The Sunday Times*

Montaillou
The Promised Land of Error

Le Roy Ladurie

\$20.

A Book-Of-The-Month Club Alternate

A History Book Club Alternate

A Macmillan Book Club Main Selection

A Readers Subscription Main Selection

George Braziller, Inc.
One Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

narcotize us, and we are touched at once by ecstasy and death. For Senator Onésimo Sánchez, it is the beauty of Laura Farina, daughter of the cauliflower murderer, that rescues him from the torpor of paper moons—and also condemns him to “Remember, he remembered, that whether it’s you or someone else, it won’t be long before you’ll be dead and it won’t be long before your name won’t even be left.”

The pumpkins and tramways of the rest of this collection also lead to solitude, the Catholicism of Márquez-land, but the journey is more contrived, more self-conscious, more obvious and earnest about courting our complicity in the shell-game of fiction. García Márquez’s best work cares not at all about our complicity; it assumes it and plunges onward. “For me, literature is a very simple game, all the rules of which have to be accepted,” he has said, and for the 20 years that he’s stuck to that conviction he has begged Houdini. The early stories, with their O. Henry punch lines, purple atmosphere, and “experimental” ambitions, are simply less fun—and less haunting—than the later work.

Gabriel García Márquez has discovered that the funniest thing about us is how we spend our lives figuring out ways to forget that we die. For García Márquez—who has worked both for J. Walter Thompson and Fidel Castro, and who recently devoured the memoirs of Jackie Onassis’s chauffeur with evident pleasure—the comedy of this endlessly inventive self-blindness is more worth capturing than the tragic residue of our delusions. “Just imagine the disorder there’d be in the world if people found out about these things,” the gringo philanthropist warns young Tobias after showing him the village with little white houses at the bottom of the sea.

Martin Kaplan

Martin Kaplan is a speechwriter for Vice President Mondale. His play about the Alger Hiss case (written with John Hunt) will be produced at the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts.

Correction:

The painting “John Reed Club Meeting” depicted in last week’s magazine was done by Raphael Soyser c. 1933.

Brief Reviews

The Left-Handed Woman
by Peter Handke
translated by Ralph Manheim
(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; 1978)

The Left-Handed Woman tells the story, with delicacy and eloquence, of a woman’s escape. On the final page, Peter Handke says that the book was written in Paris “in the winter and spring of 1976,” perhaps to give the feel of a span of months. The woman’s life changes from winter to spring as she leaves her husband—or rather, asks him to leave—and sets out to withdraw from her previous world.

These are the details he gives the reader: a woman, needing separation; her child, an ebullient companion and occasional philosopher; her husband, Bruno, the departed businessman whose unchallenging love leaves so much room for desire, and other minor characters who fill her life, or try to, after she and Bruno separate. To these characters, portrayed with awesome simplicity, Handke adds almost nothing, except an occasional insight—through the woman, named Marianne but called only *the woman*.

She recounts to her son, Stefan, the story of seeing Barnett Newman’s “Stations of the Cross”: “. . . when I stopped to look at the last one, the one that was all white, I suddenly saw a wavering afterimage of the almost black one; it lasted only a few minutes and then there was only white.” The beauty of the paintings lasts in her memory, as do Handke’s characters in ours. When they appear together, in a final scene, he moves from one to another with astonishing speed, in a ballet of words and images forcing all feelings to the surface. With the end of the book comes a sense of knowing the woman and her dreams. At one point, she reads to herself from another book: “In the land of the ideal: I expect a man to love me for what I am and for what I shall become.”

She passes from one to the other, from pain to peace. Handke borrows his epigraph from another German writer, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, who observed in *Elective Affinities* that “everything seems to take its accustomed course.” The epigraph, unlike most, follows the novel, perhaps because by then the woman has rejected that course for another. Using his enormous gifts as a writer, poet and

artist, Handke delivers her into what she will become—a woman alone—with quiet dignity.

D.B.

In the Senate:
Amidst the Conflict
and the Turmoil
by Norris Cotton
(Dodd, Mead; \$11.95)

This book by the former senator from New Hampshire will probably have a small sale, but I predict that it will have a long life. It is a gem; it is invaluable. It actually tells us what the Senate is like, and therefore what the life of politics is like. There is no subject which he touches—the rules of the Senate, the growth of the congressional staffs, lobbying, the financing of elections, the direct election of senators, filibusters, the busybodying of the judiciary, the meaning of seniority—which he does not illuminate. This is a man who knows the difference between disillusion and lack of illusion, and such a man is no less needed as a guide to politics than as a legislator. This is the New England politician at his best, and it is also the conservative at his best. There is not one sour note in the book. It is as delightful to read as it seems to have been a delight for him to write. One wonders when one puts it down, whether they make them like him anymore, and one must be content with what would be his own answer, that they still do and always will. His perfectly arranged description of how the Senate works is full of anecdotes which are worth the telling and the repeating. One must do here. When the bell rings once or twice for a quorum call, it is not for a “live” quorum call which the senator must answer. Only when it rings three times must he go to the floor. When an elderly and powerful senator was receiving a visitor in his office one day, the bell rang twice, and she looked anxiously at him as if he should leap to his feet. At last she said: “I thought I heard a quorum call.” “No doubt you did,” the senator answered brusquely, “this is their mating season.” If that does not make you laugh, and tell you something about the Senate that is worth knowing, don’t bother getting this book.

H.F.

The Classifieds

cost containment bill had been lobbied to death in the House Commerce Committee "by the medical and hospital industry." Again he said that after 15 months of discussion, Congress should pass a national energy plan. As he left them, he said, "I, as President, need your help as American citizens. . . . And I need it *now*."

So what will Jimmy do next? He has built up quite a lot of sympathy, I think, in the underdog role. Those cartoons, you know. His popularity polls could not fall much lower. Critical final weeks in Congress have come. Bob Bergland waits in awe. Will the little man come out striding with guns a-blaze? Or won't he? The drama continues.

Correspondence, from page 7

complete reversal of its policy on internal controls by the Russians can avert the defeat of the SALT treaty and an "ideological war" in which the United States mobilizes its resources for "full scale competition." You see the United States as "prevailing" in this economic war (though there is no assurance it would stop there) by forcing the Soviets into a "military spending race that would deprive their urban middle classes of consumer items, and their lower classes of food, with unpredictable consequences for the stability of Soviet society."

The United States could, no doubt, "prevail" in such a competition, whatever that term means. It seems fairly clear, however, that its most certain victims would be the dissidents whose human rights we are trying to protect, and who might be persecuted in ways reminiscent of the Stalin era. Next hardest hit would be the poor of both this country and the Soviet Union. To deprive Russia's "urban lower classes of food" would involve persuading Canada, Australia, and other food-exporting countries not to sell to Russia, something we have never been able to do in the past, and adding to our already massive balance of payments deficit. Establishment of a decent national health-care system would, of course, have to be shelved indefinitely and spending for education, welfare, and health sharply cut.

Russell I. Thackrey
Washington, DC

Personals

CULTURED, PERSONABLE GENTLEMAN wishes to meet refined woman in fifties. BOX 1252, New York 10008

TOO DEPRESSED TO LEAVE YOUR APARTMENT? Try therapy by phone. Ask for Kelly, Call 212-429-0445.

FEMALE, 35, New York Resident, desires to get married. Send Photo. The New Republic Box 8950

MID-THIRTIES D.C. male professional seeks independent lady, not in therapy, for stoned punning, analytic flights over the Washington political scene, culinary extravaganzas, and whatever. The New Republic Box 8955

JAPANESE GIRLS MAKE wonderful Wives. We have large number of listings. Many interested in marriage. Only \$1.00 brings application, photos, names, descriptions, etc. Japan International, Box 156-NR, Carnelian Bay, California 95711.

UNUSUAL YOUNG WOMAN seeks adventure-some, older gentleman, English, Scottish, Irish National, driving tour their country. Balt.-D.C. area. Guide, companion, share expenses. Compatible interests important. The New Republic Box 8940.

SENIOR CITIZEN (Intellectual woman) wishes to hear from other Senior Citizens. Call: 1-215-463-4460.

BERTRAND RUSSELL SOCIETY. New Information: Dept. N.R.-30, R.D. 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, Pennsylvania 18036.

MALE TEACHER, ACCOUNTANT, Widower, 36, 6'2", 170 lbs, blue eyes, dark brown hair, and many interests. Seeks relationship with a slim, mature, understanding sincere lady. New Republic Box 8930.

PLAMATES Couples-Singles. Discreet introductions. Box 3355, York Pa. 17402. 717-848-1408.

LATIN LADIES seek friendship. Write "Latins" Box 1716-NR, Chula Vista, California 92012.

ORIENTAL LADIES want to write you. Blossoms, Stehekin, Washington 98852.

DATES GALORE! Meet singles—anywhere. Call DATELINE, toll-free (800) 451-3245.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets the cultured, single, widowed or divorced acquainted. Nationwide. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania 19081. Established 1970.

WANT TO LEAVE RAT RACE?

ARE YOU ABLE to CUT "CORDS," FLY - NO VACILLATION - to beautiful lakes, ocean, state parks area Oregon? Summer - lake. Winter - cozy fireplace and rain on roof. Peace and quiet - but not dull . . . I'm here. Necessary: non-smoking man with WARMTH and willingness to teach/learn together (everything)! The New Republic Box 8895.

MALE SEEKING CORRESPONDENCE

I would like to correspond with anyone who is lonely, in need of affection, understanding, and possible love. I'm 29 years of age. The New Republic Box 8695.

In Memory of
— Skipper —
Jesse's friend.

Et Cetera

EASY JUNK FOOD ALTERNATIVES! "The Taming of the C.A.N.D.Y. Monster"—over 200 child-tested recipes. Send \$4.45 to Nursery Books, 4430-NR19 School Way, Castro Valley, California 94546

CO-OPS

Federal Funds will soon be available for new co-ops. Professional and technical consultant will organize your food, housing, pharmaceutical, etc., co-ops. The New Republic Box 8945

GATHER YE ROSE BUDS! Easy dried flower recipes. \$1.00 each, 3 for \$2.50. 10839 Deborah Drive, Potomac, Maryland 20854.

INVEST IN FOOD: Long-term storable freeze-dried and dehydrated foods with a shelf life of 15 years plus! Send \$2.00 (refundable) for our complete "Catalog of Tools, Foods and Publications for Self-Sufficient Living" **ALIA, INC. BOX 8411 DEPT. TNR, ASHEVILLE, N.C. 28804**

PEACE-MINDED GREETING CARDS for holidays and everyday. 24-design assortment, \$4. Free card/gift/book catalog: Fellowship of Reconciliation, Box 271-R, Nyack, NY. 10960

FREE CATALOG of "Distinguished Gifts." Write to G. Speck Enterprises, Dept. 1KZ, 819 Alston Avenue, Gulfport, Mississippi 39501.

WASHINGTON HOT AIR eradicates pesky campaign pledges, covers up bureaucratic bungling: \$1.75/can. WHA, Box 1043, Charlottesville, Va. 22902.

TECHNOCRACY-TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN available for one dollar from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, Ohio 44874.

ALABAR CATTERY now taking reservations for typey show potential Red Persian kittens (Born 2/24/78). GR. CH. lines. For additional information: The New Republic Box 8710.

A HEURISTIC SOCIAL EXPERIMENT

FUNDING NEEDED for small-scale demonstration project of a new social compact, developed along Lewis Mumford's "basic communism" and Paul and Percival Goodman's "divided economy": an attempt to insure a limited level of general sustenance—achieved independently from taxation—while preserving a subdued but still vital market economy. An empirical and heuristic proposition, potentially capable of resolving the built-in contradictions of modern industrial economy and summoning a new vision of society for America's third century. Interested parties please send \$2 for 30-page outline to: "PROJECT INTERFACE", 6001 N. 18th St., Arlington, Virginia 22205.

SAVE ON PROPERTY TAXES. Ideas from the complete text of Proposition 13, Jarvis-Gann initiative recently passed by California voters. Handling \$1.00, Bodega, Box 83, San Leandro, CA. 94577.

BEAT POSTAGE RISE

Greeting Cards \$7.20 value now \$4.95 dozen. Assorted. Beautiful. S. Bono, 500 W. Lafayette St. Norristown, Pa. 19401.

FINE WALKING STICKS AND CANES. Write for brochure. Marche Co. Dept. NR 720 Ft. Washington Ave. New York, New York 10040.

LONELY? Find a friend - use the classifieds!

Employment Opportunities

\$1200.00 MONTHLY Correcting Pupils' Lessons!!! Start Immediately. Free Report. Send self-addressed stamped envelop. Home, Box 9201-SMFG, San Diego, CA 92109

WRITER-EDITOR: Naval intelligence analyst/reporter and reporting staff editor, Annapolis graduate, seeks active work in print or broadcast journalism. Distance runner, enjoys politics, poetry. Speaks/writes Spanish, some Vietnamese. Will travel. The New Republic Box 8915.

Self-Improvement

PROGRAM YOUR MIND FOR SUCCESS, wealth. Practical instructions, \$3.00. Rubicon Press, 6260D Rutsatz, Deming, Washington 98244.

Foreign Studies

WANT TO SAVE THE WORLD? Opportunities Galore in International Youth Internship Directory. \$2 prepaid. Free Sample copy monthly Inter-cultural Studies Information Service with order. Learning Resources In International Studies, 60 East 42nd Street, NYC, N.Y. 10017

MEET RUSSIANS FACE-TO-FACE on 3-week nonpolitical, non-profit exchange visits to the USSR. Open to qualified Americans, all ages, occupations. Departures June through December. Write-Wire-Phone Citizen Exchange Corps, Dept. NR, 18 E. 41st Street, New York, New York 10017. (212) 889-7960.

Instruction

DEGREES BY MAIL!!!! Bachelors, Masters, PH D's, Literature Free. Careers, Department 104, Box 10068, Washington, D.C. 20018

ALTERNATIVE DOCTORAL PROGRAM. Southeastern University, 5163 deGaulle Drive, New Orleans, LA 70114.

COLLEGE DEGREES BY MAIL

Bachelors, masters, doctorates. Legal, inexpensive, fast. Free details. Dr. John Bear, 2150 Franklin Street, Dept. 62174, Oakland, California 94612.

TRY OUR INTRODUCTORY "3 for 2" offer - response nearly triples with multiple insertions. TNR Classifieds work!

TRIPLE YOUR READING SPEED in 4 weeks. Learn at home. Free details. Scamper Systems, P.O. Box 235J, College Point, New York 11356.

Pen Friends

FOR WORLDWIDE PENPALS write to Box 851, Station F, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4Y 2N7

LONELINESS HURTS! Incarcerated Black male without family or friend wishes correspondence, communication, with anyone, anywhere. Objective: Friendship! If there is one understanding human being out there, Please write L. H. Singleton, 144386 S.O.C.F., P.O. Box 45699, Lucasville, Ohio 45699.

Politics

OUTWIT INFLATION

Political and economic reality exhaustively analyzed. Must reading. \$7.50 to Survival Publications, 2066 Lyndhurst, Camarillo, CA 93010.

Literature

SUBSCRIBE TO THE FREEDOM SOCIALIST, a quarterly tabloid. International coverage of labor, minority, gay and women's struggles. Individuals \$2 a year; institutions \$5. Freeway Hall, 8515 5th Ave. N.E., Seattle, WA 98105.

FREE INFLATION NEWSLETTER. Washington Lawyer tells the truth about inflation, and how to really protect yourself. INFLATIONWATCH, 4501 Connecticut Ave., N.W. #806, Washington, D.C. 20008

FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 72, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, New York 14619.

COMBINED SPRING/SUMMER 1978 UNIVERSITY PRESS AND SCHOLARLY IMPRINT SALE CATALOG - SAVINGS UP TO 75% - 518 titles, 87 publishers, cut-off date October 31, 1978. Write for catalog - The Scholar's Bookshelf, D-5, 205 Nassau Street, Princeton, New Jersey 08540.

Literary Services

TRY OUR INTRODUCTORY "3 for 2" offer - response nearly triples with multiple insertions. TNR Classifieds work!

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors. Publicity, advertising, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Dept. RZS, 84 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10011.

WRITERS—"UNSALABLE" MANUSCRIPT? Try AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES, 340 East 52nd Street, New York City 10022.

Good Causes

VIETNAM AND CAMBODIA

Between the two a war rages over a border dispute. Within the crossfire of the war the killing of men, women and children continues and the bloodshed of soldiers of both sides is continuous. Whether ancient or new antagonism exists between Cambodia and Vietnam, a time has come to try to resolve the dispute through negotiations. And the time for the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and the People's Republic of China to assist in a General Peace Conference of Indo-China—that that Indo-China, a land of endless war, becomes one of lasting peace.

WORLD ARBITRATION COUNCIL

A brief seven page White Paper for the prevention of Nuclear War. Send one dollar to World Arbitration Council, 40 Gold Star, Cambridge, MASS. 02140

When an AMERICAN INDIAN CHILD drops out of school, chances for success drop abysmally. Futures for Children is a non-profit organization working to help keep Native American children in school. For \$20 a month you can take part in a priceless endeavor, and get to know about a way of life here in America. Write for further information or begin a sponsorship today: Futures for Children, 4401 Montgomery, N.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico 87109. Or call, toll-free (800) 545-6843.

LONELY? Find a friend - use the classifieds!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO CHOOSE between idealism and reality. Volunteer Peace Corps /VISTA. For information, write Betty Funches, Peace Corps/VISTA, Box P-31, Washington, D.C. 20525. An Equal Opportunity Program.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Pay for 2 ads - get
#3 FREE!

Classified Information

IT'S NO SECRET
that TNR classifieds produce the
results you're looking for. With a small
additional investment, you can brighten your response
even more with an eye-catching **BOLD FACED**
HEADLINE, SIGNATURE or ILLUSTRATION!

My ad reads: _____

I'll brighten up my ad:

- ☐ BOLD HEADLINE
\$5 plus \$1.00 per word
- ☐ BOLD HEAD & SIGNATURE
\$10 plus \$1.00 per word
- ☐ BOLD HEAD, SIG & INSET
\$25 plus \$1.00 per word (photo encl.)
- ☐ REGULAR CLASSIFIED
\$1.00 per word

(TNR Box Numbers - \$4.50 extra)

See frequency rates next page.

Advanced payment enclosed \$ _____

Please run my ad _____ times.

Copy deadline 19 days prior to Saturday issue date.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1220 19th Street, N. W.
Washington, D. C. 20036

Bumperstickers

DUMP CARTER IN 80

Bumperstickers, 2/\$1, 25¢ handling. CDC, Box 21551, Detroit, Michigan 48221.

BUMPER STICKER PRINTING DEVICE. Cheap, Simple, Portable. Free Details. Bumper, P.O. Box 22791 (NW) Tampa, Florida 33622.

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS Low-cost, custom made advertising for your Business, Special Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and SAVE! Please state intended use for appropriate samples. Write for FREE Brochure. Price List and Samples. REFLECTIVE ADVERTISING INC. Dept. NR. 8551 Page Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63114. Phone (314) 423-5495.

"BROWN'S THE ONE" BUMPERSTICKERS, BUT-TONS, 2/\$1. Matchbooks - 50/\$2. Box 762, 681 Ellis, San Francisco, California 94109.

Poetry

POETRY CONTEST: for information send self-addressed stamped envelope to "The Poet" P.O. Box 32419, San Jose, California 95152.

POETRY WANTED

Sothis Publishing gathering poems for "Daybreak" cooperative anthology. Submit typed: Box 628NR, San Diego, California 92112

Investments

DIAMONDS

All Weights, Shapes and Qualities. Guaranteed lowest prices anywhere. Buy direct from leading diamond cutting and importing firm. Available mounted or unmounted. Call collect (212) 682-3390 or for complete color catalogs send \$2.00 to: SMA DIAMOND IMPORTERS, INC., Suite 303E, 200 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

Research Positions

R & D POSITIONS. Chemists, Ch.E.'s Metallurgists, Mineralogists, Geologists, Physicists, Ceramics, Computers, Electronics, other. California, Texas, Mid-Atlantic, Midwest. Interview, relocation, fee paid. Chemical Executive Search, 6800 Main, Houston, Texas 77030.

Bookbinding

BASIC CRAFTS has published a new comprehensive catalog of bookbinding equipment and supplies. It is yours for \$1, refundable on \$15 purchase. Also contains information on marbling, calligraphy and papermaking books and supplies. BASIC CRAFTS CO., Dept. RN, 1201 Broadway, New York 10001

Arts/Crafts

NEW ZEALAND GIFTS—Wide range of world-famous lambskin rugs, woolen goods, other quality gifts. Direct from established NZ supplier. Guaranteed. Unbeatable prices. Free catalog. Box 434, Chino, California, 91710.

JAPANESE WOODBLOCK PRINT REPRODUCTIONS Masterpieces by Utamaro, Hokusai, Hiroshige, etc. New catalogue illustrated 600 subjects, \$10.00 (seamail). No wholesale available. Adachi Institute of Woodcut Prints, CPO Box 362, Tokyo, Japan.

Of Interest to Women

EVE'S GARDEN - a sexuality boutique and bookshop created by women for women. Free Catalog. 246 East 51st Street, Dept. NR, New York, New York 10022.

Wallcoverings

DISCOUNT WALLCOVERINGS - LIBERAL SAVINGS. Strahan, Schumacher, Walltex, Sanitas. Any brand. Paper, vinyl, silks, designer handprints, fabrics. Call with pattern number, rollage. Toll free 1-800-245-1768. American Discount Wallcoverings.

Gourmet/Cookery

THREE EASY LUNCHEON/DINNER main course salad recipes, \$1.00, P.O. Box 1094, Fairfield, Conn. 06430

SIX (6) EXTRAORDINARY AFRICAN RECIPES, modified for American tastes. Send \$1. (bill preferred) to Priscilla, Dept. NR-1, 779 Bush, Box 7584, San Francisco, CA 94121 and get beautiful color catalog bonus.

DO YOU HAVE A GREAT RECIPE? Tell others about it through the classified!

BEAT HIGH BEEF PRICES

4 Gourmet Chicken Recipes (prepared uniquely) by Master Chef John Edward. Send \$1.00 to 2843 S.W. 10th St. Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33312.

Music

NEW CATALOG of wooden music stands and accessories, send \$1.00: Early Music Stands, Drawer 240, P.O. Box 277, Palo Alto, CA 94302

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS by Sperrhake. Dependable, beautiful, moderately priced. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Maryland.

BURTON HARPSICHORDS, SPINETs, AND CLAVICHORDS - Professional instruments in kit form, from \$195. For brochure write Burton Harpsichords, 727 "R" Street, P.O. Box 80222N, Lincoln, Nebraska 68501.

Health

SINUS TROUBLES? Your symptoms could result from food allergies. Successful personal case history includes sample food diary and tips on how you can easily test for food allergies. \$3, A. Gross, P.O. Box 715, Kentfield, CA. 94904.

JOGGING, EXERCISE, General fitness. Read Physical Fitness Newsletter, Dept. 15A, P.O. Box 195, Western Springs, Illinois 60558 Introductory Copy.

THE GREAT ESCAPES

Vacation/Travel

JOIN WEST INDIES SCHOONER CRUISE - Martinique, Grenada, Guadeloupe, Saba, under white sail. 6 informal days of beach combing in a tropical paradise with congenial shipmates. A great "get away," "barefoot" and casual. No rush, no TV. Full crew and captain. Share from \$295.00. Free adventure booklet. Write Windjammer Barefoot Cruises, Dept. 051, Miami Beach, Florida 33139.

CREOLE CUISINE this fall in New Orleans. Feast, Fun and Frolic. Cooking Classes, gourmet dining, plantation tour, small groups, native expertise. For brochure write Apropos 1803 Jefferson Ave., New Orleans, LA. 70115.

LONELY? Find a friend - use the classifieds!

PUERTO RICO: Luquillo Beach House. 3 bedrooms, for rent weekly. Edward Pinney, Box 460, Gracie Station, New York, New York 10028.

BACKPACK THE IDAHO WILDERNESS - David Petersen will be guiding nature trips into the untouched wilderness areas of Idaho. See the wilds of this beautiful country with this experienced and licensed guide. Equipment and meals provided. P.O. Box 9252, Moscow, Idaho 83843.

CASA ANDORRA, CULEBRA ISLAND, P.R. Waterfront, sleeps six. Swimming, scuba, snorkeling, bicycling, fishing. Weekly. Box 526, Bronxville, New York 10708. (914) 961-6591, evenings.

Property Sale/Rent

SUBLET 2-BEDROOM GEORGETOWN APARTMENT

from New Republic editor. Entirely furnished. September 15 (or thereabouts) to June 1 (or thereabouts). The New Republic Box 8960, or call (301) 822-3077.

OREGON HIDEWAY—unique forest retreat, 24 isolated acres, 5 bedroom loghouse, shop, two barns, hot tub, 40 minutes to ocean, major university, \$150,000 owner financed, Harlan Star Rt., Box 239 Blodgett, Oregon 97326, (503) 438-4192, call 7-11 A.M.

WINTER RENTAL. EAST HAMPTON, AMAGANSETT VILLAGE. Quiet Country Street. Walk, bike, to ocean, village, train. \$225.00 per month. (516) AM7-8448.

LOG CABIN - WITH AMENITIES. Secluded lakefront. Vermont, Northeast Kingdom. Sleeps six. Three minute walk to tennis court, sandy beach, canoe, sailfish, rowboat. Great fishing, swimming. \$350/week. August, September, some weekends. 617-491-2318.

SABBATICAL? Rent/Exchange housing worldwide. LOAN-A-HOME, 18N Darwood Place, Mt. Vernon, New York 10553.

BEAUTIFUL SIERRA STREAM LAND—NORTHERN CALIFORNIA. Dramatic mountain setting. Two acre forested parcels. Primitive commons areas, restrictions protecting forest, privacy; electricity, year round paved access. Small, uniquely planned area. National Forest surrounding. Excellent swimming, fishing. Permanent homes or retreats. Adjacent pasture. Previous offerings: most sold New Republic respondents. Write H. Page, Taylorsville, California 95983.

Classified Rates

Per word (single insertion)	\$1.00
Per word 6 times in one contract year	95¢
Per word 12 times in one contract year	90¢
Per word 24 times in one contract year	85¢
Per word 48 times in one contract year	80¢

Payment in Advance of Insertion Required for Less Than 24 Insertions in One Year
24 & 48 Insertions Billed Monthly with One Month's Payment in Advance
Copy Deadline: 19 days prior to Saturday issue date

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1220 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

The way not to get very far with self-improvement is to make a list. For illustration, I will share one of my old ones:

1. No booze till weigh 145 lbs.
2. Quit smoking.
3. Write book(s).
4. Learn: Spanish, French, Arabic, Hebrew, Russian.
5. Exercise daily: run.
6. Get up 5:30 a.m.
7. Read: Bible, Samuelson econ., Russian hist.

The reason lists of this kind don't work is not that they aren't carefully considered. Over many years as an attempted self-improver, I have spent hours, sometimes, crafting my lists. Some of the more elaborate include long-term goals (e.g. "8. Be: Strong. Honest. Deep. Independent. Humane.") Others contain day-by-day weight loss schedules. Almost all of them prescribe useful activities to undertake between 5:30 and the Spartan early-to-work arrival time of 8:30, including running five miles, carefully reading *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* and, of course, studying languages and reading Paul Samuelson. Yet other lists call for me to seek out and interview certain especially intimidating persons, usually beginning with Henry Kissinger.

You may think the reason lists don't lead to self-improvement is that they inevitably lay down an unrealistic agenda. From time to time, I too have thought that quitting smoking, staying off booze, eating only 1000 calories a day, writing book(s), reading the Bible and studying Spanish are too many projects for anyone to undertake at one time, especially on so little sleep. But I always have resolved this dilemma by revising my lists. For several years now, for instance, I have excluded Chinese and Japanese from the list of languages I intend to learn some day. Having failed on at least 50 occasions to stop drinking until my weight is down to 145 (once I got to 156), lately I have taken experience into account. My recent, less ambitious lists call for staying away from liquor only until I'm down to 150.

The real reason lists are no good is that they're fun to prepare, but not self-enforcing. To see yourself (ah, yes, to will yourself, with pencil in hand) thin, healthy, learned, multilingual, a well-

muscled and published author and a strong, honest, deep, independent and humane human being in the bargain—well, that is one thing. But, actually getting up at 5:30 in the morning—that, I'm afraid on the basis of long devotion to the idea, is quite another. Self-improvement is terribly hard.

It is possible, though, with help. I have quit smoking, for example. Actually, it's the only item I've ever retired from my lists as Accomplished. I am proud of it. There were days when I thought my brain had melted and was draining through my sinuses. It was a self-improvement, but I never could have done it by myself. I have a nagging eight-year-old daughter to thank, and this magazine, which liberated me from the White House press room and its addictive fogs of (this was back in the Ford days) tobacco smoke. I am convinced that society should help other would-be self-improvers, and so I am glad that Joseph Califano is nagging the smokers of the country and that planes and public places are being cleared of their smoke. I disagree with *TNR's* twice-expressed editorial policy to the contrary. I don't want to interfere with free speech or free enterprise. Let the tobacco companies produce something more healthy if they can, and let Jimmy Carter kowtow to them, if he must. But I'm for free breathing, too, and I'm a self-improver who's failed often enough to know that free will by itself isn't enough.

I also resent the latest flack against running, which doesn't help us self-improvers. It's clear enough what's happening here. Lots of money has been made on the front side of the running craze—by authors, equipment manufacturers, magazine publishers and advertising salesmen—and now a few columnists and freelance writers are trying to earn a bit by building a backlash against some of the wilder claims made for running and the profits being made from the sport. It's "in" to make fun of hyperventilated epiphanies and \$40 Adidas shoes. I did think it was a bit much when a friend learned I run and rushed up to ask, "Have you experienced euphoria?" At first, I thought the question too personal to answer; then I told him, no, I didn't think so. I, too, have complaints to make against joggerly profiteers. My orthopedist took me for

\$225 diagnosing that my left leg is eight millimeters shorter than my right, and doing nothing about it. But self-improvement does not need discouraging propaganda, and running is the great self-improver's sport, especially because one can do it by oneself and, while doing it, think self-fully of other stratagems of self-improvement.

Far more serious attacks are being made than those against Joe Califano, the self-improver's friend, and on running, his sport. I refer to attacks against psychotherapy. These are, in effect, attacks on the right to self-improvement. The most widely noted attacker is Martin L. Gross, author of *The Psychological Society* (Random House), whose premise seems to be that psychotherapy is a great con game and all its practitioners are quacks. Starting with Freud, he asserts, shrinks have talked Western civilization into utter self-preoccupation and self-doubt and then offered themselves as pseudo-scientific new messiahs. They have made a new religion, he says, in which "sick" takes the place of sin, the "unconscious" replaces the soul and therapy is a substitute for prayer. He claims it is all bunk, and I see signs he has followers, including George F. Will, who recently defended "an endangered right—the right to be unhappy" and quoted Leo Rosten on the supposed joys of being depressed.

I do not deny that there are hucksters in psychology. I do not deny that psychiatrists seem intent on cornering the market in rich neurotics while drugging up or ignoring the poor and psychotic. I do not deny that Americans spend too much time worrying about "me" and not enough about "us." But Gross and the others seem to be arguing that nothing works, that people are better off in pain, that thinking about human behavior is a waste of time and that trying to help people be "better" is a fraud. Well, I don't believe it. I don't think it's easy to self-improve. I think, if you want to do it, you need all the good help you can get. I've quit smoking, which perhaps is minor, but I've also seen people become better friends and spouses, parents and humans because they wanted to and sought out somebody who knew how to help.

M.M.K.

The perfect gift for the less-than-perfect student.



One thing most students do a lot is type. Unfortunately, many of them are not what you'd call perfect typists.

That's where the Smith-Corona® Cartridge Ribbon portable with the Correction Cartridge can help. With it, you can correct most typing errors easily and neatly in only seconds.

It comes with a long-life nylon ribbon. There's also a film cartridge ribbon available in five colors, to give a sharper, crisper typing image. The film cartridge ribbon makes special papers look even more special.

We can't promise you the sun and the moon on a platter, or even an A in biology. But what we can promise you is great typing and easy correcting with America's favorite portable, the Smith-Corona Cartridge Ribbon typewriter.

And in an imperfect world, maybe that's enough.



SCM **SMITH-CORONA**
SCM CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Marlboro

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

17mg "tar," 1.0mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED